MARCH 1935

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ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Chicago

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Contributors

Dr. Libby and His Carbon Clock is by **Georg Mann,** who has written for such diverse publications as "The Progressive," "Field and Stream," "New Directions" and "Esquire."

Jacques Rimey dedicated **Au Revoir, Ma Grand'ville** to the city in which he has been France's commercial attache for nine years. He is to be transferred soon to Los Angeles.

The Accident is the first published story of **Mike Root,** a 27-year-old resident of the West Side.

Poetry for literary quarterlies and burlesque humor (such as **Query Weary?**) are media of **Frederic Laros.**

Readers & Writers

Why, Indeed

Sir: The abysmal traffic conditions described in "The Plank-Street City of 1848" [December] are going to be duplicated by about 1956 if our local officials don't figure out how to build an expressway in less than ten years. New York and Los Angeles seem to construct them several times as fast. Why?

PETER ROBINSON

Taught to Hate

Sir: Just finished reading your article "Textbooks of Terror" [January] and found that it's interesting but not very true. You state that comic books, narcotics and parental laxity in that order are the causes of juvenile delinquency and race hatred in the Lawndale district.

I cannot agree with your list of causes. You put parental laxity last in the list of three. It should be first and in capital letters. Children would not roam the streets till all hours looking for trouble if parents would show them who's boss from the time they first start to walk . . .

You completely forgot the fact that these delinquents grew up during a war when killing and torture were the things of the times and the American was put on a pedestal above all others in the world. All the children heard, saw and read was propaganda about the superior American and how he could do anything and how he was always right. The fashion of the times was to hate the "dirty, stinking Japs" and "those monsters, the Germans." That's all over with. Now it's the fashion to hate the Russians and the Chinese and love the "nice peace-loving Japanese and the repentant Germans."

Does this affect a child's mind? This helps them form good wholesome ideas about the way we should live with people of other races and nationalities. Listen to the kids talk. What do you hear? Phrases like "cheap Jew, dirty Dago, Nigger, greasy Greek, dumb Polack." These are phrases which the children could never make up themselves but heard in their own homes . . .

Narcotics is another problem altogether. I can't figure it other than maybe there is a gap in the children's lives which they are trying to fill with dope . . .

The animalistic violence of race hate will make a wreck of this country, and soon, too. If Christians would just be that in the true sense of the word it would go a long way toward solving our problems.

CHARLES J. ANDREWS

Physics Class

Sir: The December issue of *Science Digest* quotes CHICAGO's September article, "The Arsonists of east Ohio street," in this wise (speaking of testing the safety of a television tube): "The picture tube is a vacuum. Should it break, there would be an explosion and glass would be hurled as far as 20 feet." Isn't this an error of fact? If the tube contains a vacuum, breaking the glass should produce an implosion rather than an explosion, and the shards would go toward the center of the tube. Please straighten me out.

CHESTER F. PROTHEROE,
Instructor of physics and chemistry,
Needham Heights, Mass.

The first reaction is an implosion and the shards do move to the center of the tube. But the force of this implosion is so great that the glass particles keep moving, past the center of the tube and out into the room. Thus an implosion becomes an explosion. For this reason all manufacturers of TV picture tubes are required to use safety glass.

Suburban Opinion

Sir: I like CHICAGO much better than similar magazines as it seems to have a more earthy quality and has less of the pseudo-sophistication than other publications in the same field. Let the editors stick to the qualities that make Chicago — yes, even its stockyards, its sinfulness and its saintliness — and it will fill a long-needed and much desired role. This could be the focal point for a new renaissance in American literature similar to the one that came out of Chicago after the first World War.

GEORGE M. PYNSHENS,
West Ridings,
England

United Irish

Sir: I don't know what reporter Smyth thought he was proving ["How to Beat a Traffic Rap" — January], but all his self-satisfied recital demonstrates is that you can get away with anything in this town just with a rush of brogue to the face. "Yerra, yer honor, I wuz just on me way to a wee bit of choir practice . . ."

Nuts.

MOROSE ANGLO-SAXON

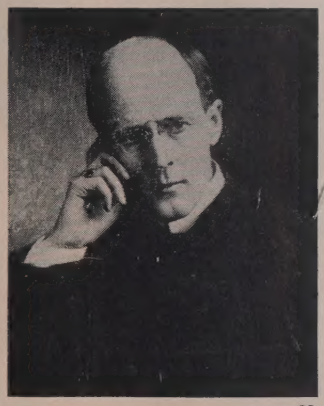
Cover

Adapted from a design by Martin Rosenzweig, this poster-cover appeared on a pilot issue of CHICAGO two years ago. Portrait of Muggsy Spanier by John Paul.

March 1955

page 34

Chicago



page 28

4 Statues in the Loop, *photographs*

6 What Goes On Here

14 West of the Water Tower

20 Dr. Libby and his Carbon Clock *by Georg Mann*

26 Au Revoir, ma Grand'Ville *by Jacques Rimey*

28 Rotary: Aristocrats of the Luncheon Table *by Norman Calhoun*

32 Birth of a Landmark, *photographs*

34 Dancers: An Export of Distinction *by Bruce Williams*

39 The Car-Towing Racket *by Bernard Asbel*

42 In & Out of the House: Clocks

44 As We Were

45 The Accident, *a story by Mike Root*

48 Television: Eddie Hamilton

52 This Is Chicago, *a statement by the Editors*

54 Portfolio: George M. Cohen

55 Query Weary? *an interrogation by Frederic Laros*

59 Season to Taste: Everything Swiss

61 Music: Goldberg and Gieseking

63 The Onion Patch, *a column of comment by Alan Whitney*

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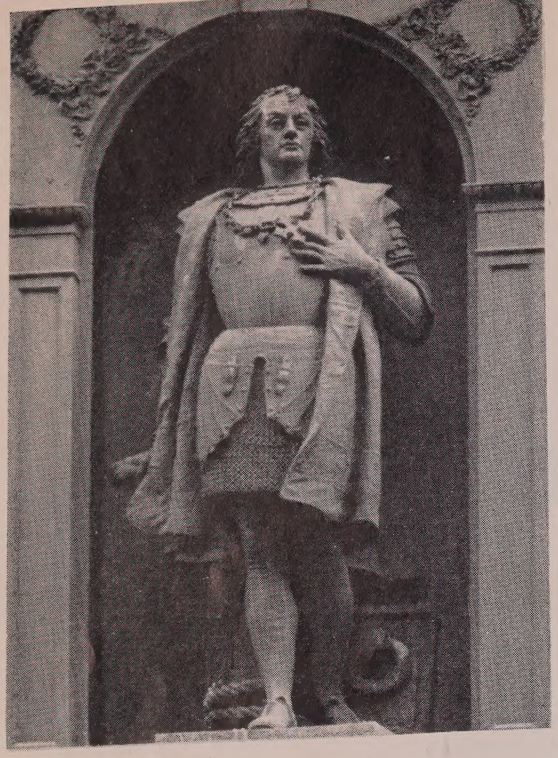
Non-commuters



Over the main entrance to the Columbus Memorial building, 31 n. State, the Genoan sailor stands at the tiller of his ship, wearing armor and fondling a royal decoration on his chest.

Not counting those in churches or movie houses, there are at least two dozen statues in or on buildings in the Loop proper. Some of the outdoor examples are so layered with soot that their presence is as little suspected as is that of the 8,000 human beings who are permanent residents of the city's business center.

Marble imps supporting fountain in United Artists theater, Randolph and Dearborn, are fair examples of abundant movie palace sculpture.

In the main lobby of the Palmer House is a representative of the classical school: Bellerophon, astride Pegasus and clutching the she-monster Chimera.

Swiss wood carving in lobby of the Bismarck hotel represents William Tell and his son. The elder Tell carries a cross-bow, but the legendary apple is omitted.

Dancing girl is one of a pair of small brass figures in tile niches in Kimball hall.

A heroic plaster statue of Frederick I, 12th Century Holy Roman emperor, glares down into the main dining room of the Atlantic hotel. The baleful emperor tugs at the red beard that gave him his nickname — Barbarossa.

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Dear Charles, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). A comedy with Tallulah Bankhead. Opens Mar. 7. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Tea and Sympathy, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). A strong story of adolescence and administration in a private school, with Deborah Kerr. Opens Mar. 7. Nightly, except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

South Pacific, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Iva Withers and Allen Garrard in a revival of the Pulitzer prize musical. Mar. 6 thru 20. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). The high point of Herman Wouk's novel is staged with Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak and Barry Sullivan. Thru Mar. 5. Nightly, except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The Fifth Season, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Joseph Buloff, Chester Morris and girls, girls, in a comedy about the garment industry. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30. Closes Mar. 5.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Ralph Bellamy, Joan Gray, a psychiatrist's couch and the inevitable triangle. Nightly except Thu., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The King and I, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Yul Brynner, who has contributed much that is good in this musical, leaves the cast the latter part of the month. Nightly except Sun., 8:20; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:20.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The wide-angle viewpoint of colorful aspects of this and other countries. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Opening Mar. 3, "Round Dance." Nightly, except Mon. Wed. thru Sat., 8:30; Tues. & Sun., 7:30.

Northwestern university, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). Mar. 1 thru 5, "Fashion." 8:30 p.m.

University of Chicago, Reynolds Club theater, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Mar. 9 thru 13, "The Wild Duck," 8:30 p.m.

Chicago Equity Library theater, (WE 5-6377). Easter season productions of "Boy with a Cart," by Christopher Fry, in various churches. **Mar: 16,** 7:30 p.m., Rogers Park Presbyterian, 7059 Greenview; **23,** 8 p.m., Edgebrook Lutheran, 6427 Spokane; **27,** 7:30 p.m., First Unitarian, 1174 e. 57th; **30** & **31,** 7:30 p.m., St. John's Episcopal, 3857 n. Kostner.

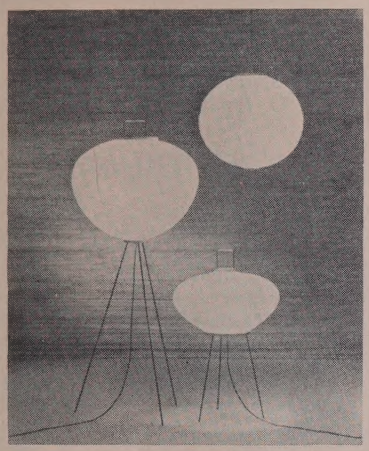
DANCE

Ballet Theater, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Thru Mar. 5, with Youskevitch, Alonso, Kriza, Braun, Koesun and others. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Jose Limon, Opera House. Modern dance group. Mar. 20, 2:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. **Mar.: 3** (Thu.) & **4** (Fri.), Fritz Reiner, cond., Nathan Milstein, violin, Barbara Gibson, soprano, soloists; Overture to "Russlan and Ludmila," Glinka; Violin Concerto, Dvorak; Concerto Grosso, Schreiber; "Hungarian Sketches," Bartok; intermezzo and dance from "La Vida Breva," de Falla. **5** (Sat.), Reiner cond.; Overture to "The Silken Ladder," Rossini; Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, Bach; Symphony No. 40, Mozart; intermezzo and dance from "La Vida Breva," de Falla; "Hungarian Sketches," Bartok; Overture to "Russlan and Ludmila," Glinka. **8** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Nathan Milstein, violin, soloist; Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, Bach; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; Divertimento in D major, K-334, Mozart. **10** (Thu.) & **11** (Fri.), Reiner cond., Walter Gieseking, piano, soloist; Overture to "The Silken Ladder," Rossini; Divertimento in D major, K-334, Mozart; Piano Concerto No. 5 ("The Emperor"), Beethoven. **17** (Thu.) & **18** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Lois Marshall, soprano, Leslie Chabay, tenor, Morley Meredith, baritone, soloists, and the Concert choir; "Prayer of Kirkegaard," Barber; "Carmina Burana," Orff. **19** (Sat.), Desire Defauw, cond.; Overture to "Donna Diana," Reznicek; Symphony in B flat, Chausson; "Scheherazade," Rimsky-Korsakov. **22** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Lois Marshall, soprano, Leslie Chabay, tenor, Morley Meredith,



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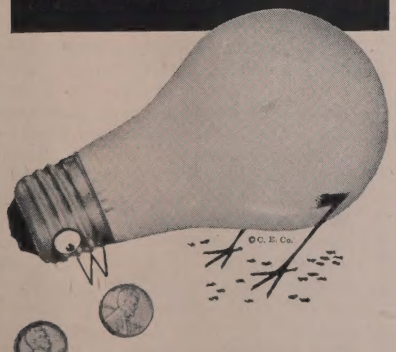

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baritone, soloists, and the Concert choir; "Americana," Thompson; "Carmina Burana," Orff. **24** (Thu.) & **25** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Lukas Foss, piano, soloist; Symphony in E flat, K-543, Mozart; "Unfinished" Symphony, Schubert; Piano Concerto, Foss; "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Strauss. **26** (Sat.), George Schick, cond., Ralph Persinger, viola, soloist; Festival March from "Tannhauser," Wagner; ballet music from "Aida," Verdi; Viola Concerto, Benjamin; Romanian Rhapsody in A, No. 1, Enesco; Nutcracker Suite: Tchaikovsky; "William Tell" overture, Rossini. **31** (Thu.) **April 1** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Isaac Stern, violin, soloist; "Harry Janos" suite, Kodaly; Violin Concerto, Bartok; Third Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt. (Programs subject to change.)

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Mar.: 6,** 3:30 p.m., Andres Segovia, guitar; **11** & **12,** 8:30 p.m., **13,** 3:30, Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond.; **20,** 3:30, Walter Gieseking, piano; **27,** 3:30, Malcuzynski, piano.

Community Symphony orchestra, Thorne hall, Lake Shore at Superior (CE 6-3445). Mar. 6, 3:30 p.m. Jack Hanson, piano, Pavel Slavenska, baritone, Ruth Godow, soprano, soloists.

Chicago Artists for Chamber Music, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Mar. 2, 8:15 p.m. "Song of the Open Road," Dello Joio; Sonata for Chamber Orchestra, Arnell; Concerto for Trumpet and Strings, Addison.

Fine Arts quartet, Kimball hall. Mar. 1, 7, 15, 22, & 29, 8:30 p.m.

Myra Hess, piano, Orchestra hall. Mar. 1, 8:20 p.m.

Ona Kubilius, mezzo-soprano, Kimball hall. Mar. 6, 3:15 p.m.

Vegh String quartet, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Mar. 11, 8:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Shrine circus, Medinah temple, 600 n. Wabash (WH 4-4211). Mar. 1 thru 13. Afternoon & evening performances: Mar. 1-4 & 8-11, 2 & 7 p.m.; Mar. 5 & 6, 1, 3:45 & 8:15 p.m.; Mar. 7, 7 p.m.; Mar. 12 & 13, 1:30, 3:45 & 8:15 p.m.

Golden Gloves, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). City finals, Mar. 10, 8 p.m. Intercity finals, Mar. 31, tentative starting time, 8:30 p.m.

Ice Capades of 1955, Chicago Stadium.

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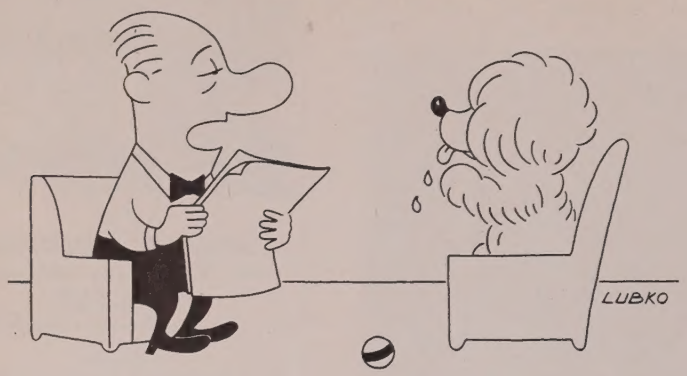

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Daily News relays, Chicago Stadium. Mar. 26, 8 p.m. Amateur track meet.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). World renowned permanent collection of paintings and sculpture, drawings, prints, furniture and decorative art objects. **New exhibits:** Mar. 3, contemporary Chinese paintings by David Kwok, gallery H-9; Mar. 10, Japanese prints and drawings, some 350 works of all periods from the museum's extensive collection, east wing galleries; Mar. 15, photographs of Japan by the late Swiss photographer, Werner Bischof, gallery 5; Mar. 26, Society of Typographic Arts' annual exhibit of award-winning printing designs, gallery 11. **Continuing:** selection of 16th, 17th and 18th century European tapestries from the museum collection, galleries A-1 thru A-5; selection from the Gaffron collection of ancient Peruvian pottery and textiles, galleries L-4, L-4a; Emily Crane Chadbourne collection of early Americana, gallery L-2; loan exhibition of early Chelsea porcelain, gallery G-11. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Young British sculptors, Drawings and sculpture in wood, bronze and other metals by Robert Adams, Kenneth Armitage, Reg Butler, Lynn Chadwick, Geoffrey Clarke, F. E. McWilliam, Bernard Meadows, Eduardo Paolozzi. Mar. 2 thru 29, Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Six Chicago sculptors, Three pieces each by Cosmo Campoli, Eldon Danhausen, Ray Fink, Boris Gilbertson, Joseph Goto, Hugo Weber in an exhibition arranged by North Shore Art league. Mar. 14, Winnetka Community center, 620 Lincoln, Winnetka (WI 6-0537). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Contemporary Eskimo sculpture, Small sculptures in ivory and soapstone from Labrador, Baffinland and Hudson's bay area. Mar. 3 thru 28, Stanley Field hall of the Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Daily, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Margo Hoff, Recent paintings and woodcuts, many based on sketches made in Spain last summer. Mar. 18, Palmer House galleries, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Martyl, More of Spain, also family subjects, in oils and watercolors by another well-known woman painter. Mar. 12, Charles Feingarten gallery, 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Saul Steinberg, Some 50 drawings, including originals from the cartoonist's recent book, "Passport." Mar. 10, Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Max Beckmann, 25 oils and a selection of prints by the late expressionist master. Thru Mar. 15, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore (MI 2-2433). Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

A continuous, changing exhibit of work

by various Chicago and Midwest painters and sculptors is shown at the Robert North gallery, 41 e. Walton (MI 2-8555). Daily, 2 p.m. to 11 p.m., except Thu. & Sun. New work is introduced every Friday.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series,** Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **Mar.: 6** & **13,** "Sweden Shows the Way," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson; **20** & **27,** "Wonderful Copenhagen," Addis Osborne.

Anshe Emet forum, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Mar. 1, 8:30 p.m., "What Shall We Do About the Hysteria in Our Discussion of Public Issues?" Sen. J. William Fulbright.

Burton Holmes travelogs, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (FR 2-0566). Fri., 8:30 p.m.; Sat., 2 p.m.; Mon., 8 p.m. Mar. 4, 5 & 7, "The Grand Tour," Robert Mallett; Mar. 12, 14 & 25, "California," Robert Mallett.

College of Complexes, 862 n. State (WH 4-9028). Mar. 11, 9 p.m., "Are the Capitalists Grinding Us Consumers Down?" Douglas Anderson, aide to Sen. Paul Douglas.

Natural History museum, Field dr. & Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture and film series, Sat., 2:30 p.m., Simpson theater. **Mar.: 5,** "Brazil," Eric Pavel; **12,** "Florida, Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth," Arthur C. Twomey; **19,** "Arizona thru the Seasons," Alfred M. Bailey; **26,** "Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands," Robert Davis. Free.

Pan American council, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Mar. 25, 8:30 p.m., "The Islands in the Caribbean."

Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Discussion in the Round series. Mar. 9, 8 p.m., "How Can We Clean Up Chicago?"

World Travel Adventure forum, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Mar. 13, "Sweden," Hjordis Parker; Mar. 27, "French Canada," Dr. J. Gerald Hooper. 2:30 & 5 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler Planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Lecture chamber closed during Mar. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: American Photography, 1845-65. Pioneer photographic media — daguerreotype, ambertype, tintype and first paper photography. Top floor, three galleries. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Medical exhibits thru Mar.: "Cancer," "The Heart," "Polio," "Story of Growth & Development" and "Story of Pain." Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

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American Week (3 p.m. Sun., 2), **Background** (4:30 p.m. Sun., 5), and **See It Now** (9:30 p.m. Tue., 2). Enterprising news overviews.
You Are There (5:30 p.m. Sun., 2). Relax while history re-enacts some throes.
Chicago Symphony orchestra (8 p.m. Wed., 9). Local talent.

extra curricular

Hour-long dramas with emphasis on the playwright: **Television Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., 2), **Montgomery Theater** (8:30 p.m. Mon., 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon, 2), **Theater Hour** (8:30 p.m. Tue., 7), and **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., & 8:30 p.m. Thu., 5).

Once a month color (and black and white) theater: **Producers Showcase** (7 p.m. March 7, 5) and **Best of Broadway** (9 p.m. March 2, 2).

Cops and doctors: **Medic** (8 p.m. Mon., 5) and **Dragnet** (8 p.m. Thu., 5).

Comedy in a mild and baffling manner: **Mr. Peepers** (6:30 p.m. Sun., 5) and **George Gobel** (9 p.m. Sat., 5).

Celebrities, more or less at ease: **Person to Person** (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2).

Empire builder Walt Disney gets lavish: **Disneyland** (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7).

SPORTS

college basketball

Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Mar. 5, Illinois. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). Mar. 6, Montreal. 8:30 p.m.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo league, Chicago avenue armory, 232 e. Chicago (ST 2-2919). Doubleheader every Sat., 8:30 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Children's Theater of Evanston, Nichols school, Greenleaf at Elmwood, Evanston (UN 4-3734). Rita Criste's production of "The Three Bears," for pre-school and primary grade children. Mar. 5 & 12, 10 a.m., 12:30 & 2:30 p.m.
Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Thru Mar. 27, "The Magic Horn," a hero adventure story. Sat., 2:30 p.m., Sun. 3 p.m., & Mar. 5, 10:30 a.m.
Playwrights Children's theater, 1205

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- The Price of Public Office
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- The Life of a Car Collector
- A Letter from Twilling's Psychiatrist
  a short story for the baseball season

On news-stands the last Thursday in March

a Dearborn (WH 2-0270). Shakespeare for children 8 years and older. Sat 2:30 p.m. Tent Mar. "The Tempest."

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra. Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0262). **Young People's concerts.** Tues. 3 p.m. George Szell, cond. Theme **Mar. 1 & 15.** "A Musical Trip" with narration at Johnson's Chicago and the Blue Danube by George Kuyper Orchestra program. Raymond Stout 1st piano soloist. Piano Concerto in G minor Mendelssohn. Overture Semer in Summer "Wolf-Ferrari "Little Town to Dagmar "Winkelaos Autumns Traveler. Gypsy amusement Polka Shostakovitch. Folk Songs from Somerset Vaughan Williams.

Annual Festival orchestra. Symphonic band concert. Symphonic Mar 5. 7:30 p.m. Concert sponsored by Northern Illinois Center Stage. Orchestra association. Performers are children 10 years and younger from suburban school orchestras. Leon Stein cond. Program "In Four Dorelli Person Johnson Minuetto for String Orchestra Boboni "In a Persian Market" Ketelby Song of Jupiter Handel. "Two for Two" Youmans.

museums

Chicago Historical society. Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide talks and film programs on American and Chicago history. **Museum Mornings.** Sat. 10 a.m. Mar. 12, 19 & 26. "The Great Chicago Fire" with film. "Our Community." **Week Day Assemblies.** Wed. 10 a.m. for teachers with classes. Mar. 9 & 16. "Pioneers" with film. "Johnny Appleseed."

Natural History museum. Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). One hour movie programs for children. Sat. 10:30 a.m. Simpson theater. Free. **Mar. 5.** "Drums for a Holiday" about the forest people of the Ashanti tribe on Africa's Gold Coast. **12.** China. **19.** "Around and the Seasons" with lecture. **26.** Iceland with lecture. The museum has devoted four halls to one of the world's most comprehensive American Indian collections. Exhibits reveal the Indian tribes homes families implements of work and war and their religious and cultural life. Some specimens date back about 20,000 years. Daily 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Museum of Science & Industry. 57th & Drexel Park (MI 4-1414). The Gardner doll room contains a collection of 600 historic and unusual dolls. Groups include dolls in national costumes, Wax Indian dancing dolls, antique dolls and furniture and dolls with clothes of unusual materials such as pods and berries, fruits vegetables leaves and corn husks. For teachers who wish to bring classes working on special projects to the museum, a school tours booklet containing guidance materials and information on exhibits is furnished free. Mon.-Fri. 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sat. to 5:30 p.m. Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m.

libraries

Chicago Public library. Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour.** Sat., 2:15 p.m. Free. Integrated programs of films recordings and storytelling. Mar. 5 sea animals. Mar. 12 animals in natural surroundings. Mar. 19 zoo animals. Mar. 26 animals of the desert. Tickets are available a week in advance in the Thomas Hughes room.

parks

swimming

Park district swimming club championship meets. Boys 11 and older; girls 10 and older. Sat. 2 p.m. Mar. 5 Ridge park, 96th & Longwood; crawl and back strokes and free style. Mar. 19 LaFollette park, 1359 n. Leamington; relay diving event.

volleyball

Downtown championship meets for winners of girls' and boys' tournaments. Meets begin Mar. 21, 4 & 7 p.m. at Columbus park, 500 s. Central. For remainder of schedule consult park district (HA 7-5050).

archery

Indoor championship tournaments. Mar. 13, 1 p.m. at Tuley park, 90th & St. Lawrence.

drama

Park district's 12th annual Children's Drama festival will be held at the following parks: Mar. 12 Hamilton Park & Normal; Mar. 19 Garfield; 100

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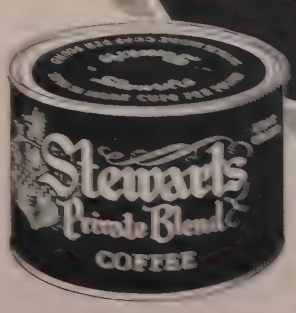

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GENEVIEVE, exciting new French singing star, is currently making her Chicago premiere at the Empire Room of the Palmer House. The pixie-ish young edition of Edith Piaf changes from gaiety to pathos with her variety of songs. Also on the show are impressionist Dick Kerr, the comedy-mentalist duo of Lucille and Eddie Roberts, the Empire Eight, and Charlie Fisk and his orchestra.

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NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan. HA 7-4300. All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m. Sat. to 2 a.m. dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Josh White sings folk tunes 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $1.95-$2.60; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Calypso Follies of 1955 continues with The Charmer Tobey Beary and Phyllis Brenan, the last of whom will give a song concert on the premises Mar. 20. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. shows at 8:30 and midnight & 2. Food a la carte. $2.50 min.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). In a dude ranch decor, Cathy and Blair star in a "Spurs n' Skates" ice revue, with vocals by the Tamers and music by Frankie Masters' orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25, $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Helen Forrest, sophisticated song stylist, appears thru Mar. Comedy is provided by The Goofers, a musical combo group. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows at 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra and violin. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer house State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Songs by the French chanteuse, Genevieve. Celeste Holm opens Mar. 17. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30, 12. Lunch from $2; dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play gay and sentimental tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse and pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch $.90-$1.50; dinner $1.85-$3.

Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Comic Aaron Leifer and singing waiters and waitresses are supplemented by various operatic and popular singers. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). A south sea decor has replaced the Marine dining room. Island Cantonese cuisine as well as Yankee. Two orchestras — music from the islands by Johnny Pineapple and from the Midwest by Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ozsay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Even the tablecloths are from Switzerland. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz, etc.

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Closed while manager Sol Tananbaum takes a breather, this frantic meeting place for hipsters reopens Mar. 25, with the house band spelled on Wednesday by Joe Segal's Roosevelt University All-Stars. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Until Mar. 6 the high-ceilinged jazz emporium will present the old master trombonist, Jack Teagarten, and the Blue Note trio. The Salt City Five are slated for Mar. 23. Food a la carte from $1.50 to $3. $3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4468). An intimate place where

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Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-1907). The mainstem group — Cezanne, Muzzelo, Hook, Graves and Reinhardt — blows a true Dixieland measure. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. closed Sun. $2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

Mambo City, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6903). Augie Delmosa and his spicy South American trio offer good reasons for crowding the floor. Music Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. In the **Preview lounge** on the ground floor, Muggsy Spanier and his Dixie trio spray the joint with jazz. Music 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. No cover or min. either place.

Pershing hotel, 5400 Pomona Grove (MU 4-6400). Armand Lamal's piano is backed by Ray Thompson on guitar and Dean Crawford on bass. The result is so cool and quiet that it reads out often music under the piano during sets. Music Wed. thru Sun. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Starlite room, 80½ s. Michigan (HA 7-3824). For Mambo Capers of 1955, Joe Segal's combo takes over on Tuesday. Music 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. closed Mon. No cover or min.

Streamliner, 640 Madison (AN 3-6436). In comes Johnny Frigo's unpredictable jam combo with Frigo on bass, Ramsell Bright on piano and Charles Walker on drums. On the vocal side is Amy Henry who captioned Eartha Kitt in the road cast of "New Faces" and who stars in 14 Immunities. The Fri. (20 min.) 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m. Sat. (60-90 min.) 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No music Sun. & Mon.

DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-6178). For hearty appetites, corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage, other German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1490). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1-$1.75; dinner $2.45-$3.40.

Cafe Bellini, 1014 Rush (MO 4-6397). A small, sedate coffeehouse with 18th century Italian decor which serves a variety of coffee concoctions, pastries and sandwich snacks. Noon to 1 a.m. except Mon. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Cafe Bohemia, 136 s. Dearborn (AN 3-8010). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch $1.35-$1.85; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Cloud Room, Midway airport (PO 7-0600). Diners are served the Marshall Field's fare while they watch the arrival and departure of planes thru wide windows. Daily 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.50; dinner $2.50 and a la carte.

Continental Gourmet restaurant, 1506 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). Menu is limited to half a dozen entrees with a new nationality each every night. 4:30 to 10:30 p.m. closed Mon. $1.75-$2.50.

Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0800). Good Fred Harvey fare. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sun. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.85; dinner $3 and a la carte.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-0700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Le Petit Gourmet, 616 n. Michigan (DE 7-0700). A small, cosmopolitan cuisine with a large menu. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner from $2.10.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison (FR 2-8700). John Mumyo Paull provides piano background for dinner and supper. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch $1.50-$1.95; dinner $2.50-$4.75.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5566). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6.

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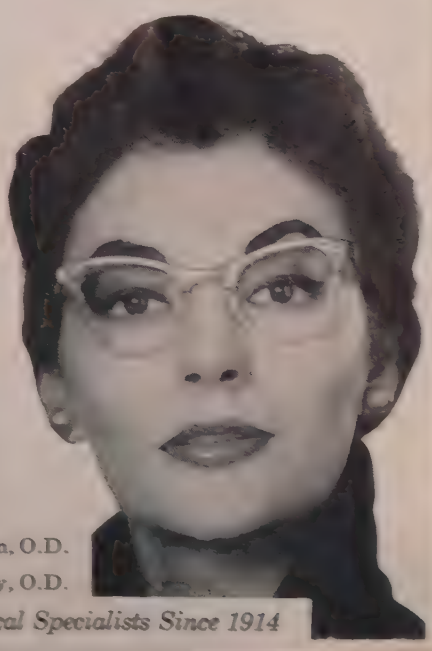

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West of the Water Tower

The real boss of city hall

For a job close to the big piston in a political machine, certain qualifications are understood to be axiomatic. High among them are powerful endorsement from various cogs and wheels, and – even more obviously – a record as a loyal and long-standing partisan.

Elizabeth O'Neill, who is sometimes dramatically described as "the real boss of city hall," was the secretary of Mayor Kelly from the day he took office (April 16, 1933), until he withdrew in 1947; and she has been Mayor Kennelly's secretary ever since. There are lots of people who—without fully subscribing to the theory that she was the power behind Kelly's throne and is even more definitely the power behind Kennelly's—nevertheless rank her among the few individuals who have shaped the last quarter century of Chicago politics.

This makes Miss O'Neill, a trim, middle-aged spinster with a gift for anonymity, one of the most interesting personalities in – or, in her case, out – of the spotlight. What gives piquancy to this interest is the fact that, in the beginning, she flaunted all the accepted conventions about how to get ahead in politics. In 1922, Miss O'Neill was not only devoid of any political push; she didn't know whether she was a Republican or a Democrat. Neither of these facts prevented her from sitting down and writing a letter of application for the post of secretary to the chief engineer of the sanitary district. The chief engineer was Ed Kelly, then rising fast in the district, thanks to the benevolent patronage of its president, Col. Robert Rutherford McCormick. Kelly was much impressed by her letter, and his notorious respect for the routines of politicking didn't keep him from promptly engaging her, without asking any party confreres to put forward their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

Miss O'Neill remained at Kelly's side when he became south park commissioner and she was named by him as a park commissioner herself, when the park districts were consolidated in 1934. In 1935, he made her commissioner for the permanent Chicago fair then proposed for Northerly Island. Making her his secretary was his first administrative act when he became mayor. In the act of passing on his mayoral powers, Kelly is understood to have told his successor:

"You only need one person in order to do your job as mayor. Her name is Bess O'Neill."

The lady who earned this endorsement from the last of the old-style bosses was born about 60 years ago in Wisconsin, one of the older daughters of Edmund J. O'Neill, a postal clerk. Her parents moved to the West Side early in her childhood, and eventually had a family of five daughters and three sons. The elder O'Neill died at a relatively early age, and Bess went to work shortly after graduating from high school, where she had proved to be an outstanding student.

It is common for people discussing Miss O'Neill to remark: "Nobody knows this, but the fact is that she's a lawyer." As a matter of fact, this is one of the few bits of solid information that have slipped past the screen of anonymity behind which the mayor's secretary prefers to function; everybody knows it. In the course of making a living, young Bess became a secretary in a law firm, and evidently a respectful but cool scrutiny of her employers inspired a measure of confidence in her. She studied law at DePaul nights, and was admitted to the bar in 1920, but never practiced.

In order to reach Mayor Kennelly in the city hall, one enters his executive suite on the fifth floor by going thru big glass doors into a room where there is a pool of clerk-secretary-receptionists. At the end of a left turn is a second room where there are five secretaries; and thru this is a third room where Miss O'Neill and one of her personal secretaries have their desks. In the fourth room is the mayor.

Like a good secretary, Miss O'Neill always beats her boss to the office, and has his mail and his appointments lined up by the time he arrives. Again like any good secretary, she screens his appointments — a normal secretarial function which as exercised by her has given rise to some murmurs of discontent.

In principle, the mayor's office takes the attitude that anyone with a reasonably legitimate pretext can have an appointment with Kennelly. This very generous principle leads to a situation where, in practice, appointments are frequently postponed to later dates. Some people who would like freer access to the mayor maintain that his secretarial staff can be highly selective in regard to whose appointments hold firm.

In person, Miss O'Neill is short, gray-haired, neatly dressed and very polite. She normally wears horn-rimmed glasses, but removes them, the more freely to knit her brow, while brooding over the mayor's schedule. Nobody doubts that she is shrewd and sharp, and some people allege that she is stubborn.

Shrewd, efficient and maybe stubborn — these are varying appraisals of Bess O'Neill, supervisor of ins and outs of mayor's office for 22 years. U. P. photo

Outside the office, Miss O'Neill occupies herself with an assortment of nephews and nieces, and with omnivorous reading. She has a penchant for current history, reads several books concurrently, and occasionally takes off on a literary jag inspired by a visitor to the mayor's office. After Jawaharlal Nehru had dropped in, Miss O'Neill bought all his works and read them thru. She has done the same, it is true, for a few contemporaries who have never got around to visiting either Kelly or Kennelly, such as Winston Churchill and Dwight Eisenhower.

City hall reporters naturally have some truck with Miss O'Neill, and many of them regard her with considerable circumspection—a fact which is not necessarily to her discredit. Some of them even claim her power is so great that aldermen and bank presidents alike are in fear of her. But when pressed for details of her sinister powers, they come up only with such tales as that of the brass cuspidors.

It seems that three brass cuspidors had stood in the office of the mayor since the beginning of the world, but one morning after Kennelly returned from a trip out of town, they were discovered missing. A friend of the mayor noticed this fact when he made to throw away a cigaret. "Hey!" he said. "That so?" remarked the mayor, and inquired of Miss O'Neill. "Mr. Mayor," she replied politely, "you know we are getting a new rug and have had the office cleaned. There were too many near misses."

Kennelly is a non-smoker, the receptacles are still gone, and Miss O'Neill continues to put in a brisk, firm and efficient 12-hour day. Presumably she has by now become a Democrat, and therefore is in a fine position in regard to the current mayoralty race. Nobody doubts that her loyalty, first and last, is to Kennelly. But, as has been pointed out frequently enough, all the candidates for mayor are Democrats. And they're all knocking themselves out proclaiming that they will make appointments without regard to political ties — purely on the basis of the best letter of application, so to speak.

Miss O'Neill seems, on all counts, to have the inside track.

It is noted

An office in the Wrigley building is occupied by a private adviser in federal taxes. It is a touchy occupation. His name is Swindell, W. B. Swindell.

Purist

A Jewish couple with a seven-year-old son were living in a North Side neighborhood with a heavy Catholic population when this took place. The boy, who was used to having his classmates stay home on holy days, was sitting at breakfast one Wednesday about 10 a.m. as his father came downstairs. "Why aren't you in school?" inquired the parent — "Oh yes, that's right, this is Armistice Day." The tad looked up and corrected him: "St. Armistice Day."

Brisk night in a steam room

Inside the street door, there are 14 steps leading down. The glass paned door is locked but the man inside in the T-shirt reading the newspaper looks up and presses a button under the counter. As the door opens, he studies the new arrival under the light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Behind the counter is a square of shelves holding towels. To the right a wire screen partitions off a section with lockers and a bench.

A door to the right of the screen opened and a big man came out holding a towel around his middle — the

rolls of flesh pink and steamy, and his eyes the same. His hair came down on all sides from the top of his head. Some strands were plastered wetly to the side of his nose.

After a few introductory curses he said, "It's cold in there – " pointing inside. The attendant shrugged and bent to the paper once more. The beefy man stared at him, fists on hips, then turned, mumbling, and flapped back inside.

The attendant looked up again. "If you want a rub you hafta go downtown. All we got here is a steam room and a dry room."

"No place to lie down?"

"Sure, we got 19 private rooms. You can steam and lie down. Four hours, two bucks." He started to get up and reach for a towel.

"Do you really get any business here at night?"

"Sure, it's the busiest part. All the drunks are out at night, ya know."

"Drunks?"

"Sure. That's our main business. They come in here to sweat it out. There's two guys in there now. One guy's four hours are up. I went in and he was layin' there dead to the world. I practically shook his ears off. All he'd say is 'Joe, oh Joe.' "

"Are you Joe?"

"Charley."

From the depths of the Turkish bath came the sound of a voice in rich song, complete with tearful emotion. The attendant shrugged. "We get guys in here from the old country. Guy in there can't speak a word of English, that guy singin'. They come here a lot, tho. Guess it makes them think of the old days at home in the old country. Lot of Swedes, I think."

"Why do you have that buzzer on the door? Robbers?"

"Drunks, too. Sometimes they're too far gone. Or else they just want to come and talk. I can tell 'em all apart."

"Aren't you afraid one of them will put his feet thru that glass door some night?"

"They have." He returned to the paper.

Bare feet squished in the little hall behind the door. The door opened and the beefy one came out looking like the harvest moon.

"Hey, I'm in the steam bat'. Whatcha tryin' t' do, freeze us out back there? We paid for heat and it'd be warmer out there lyin' on the sidewalk." He cursed the owner of the Turkish bath, the steam room, the dry room, the cold in his locker room, the locker room itself, the hotel above and his towel.

The attendant said, "Sorry." The customer went back inside.

"You know, it is a bit brisk in here."

"I know it. The hotel never gives us enough heat. Our business falls off in the winter."

"Can't you get something in here to warm it up?"

For answer, he pointed down. Under his chair was an old-fashioned electric heater. He raised the newspaper and shook it with an air of finality.

Quote of the month

Vincent Starrett of the *Tribune* book section and the Baker Street Irregulars: "Tho he might be more humble, there's no police like Holmes."

The old man and the dunes

It was fair weather, and as usual Dick Sabinske sat looking north toward Lake Michigan. To the east was Indiana Dunes state park; to the west stretched the homes of wealthy suburbanites in Dune Acres. Behind him were the summer cottages of Porter beach. He had been there longer than any of them.

His beetling black brows and dark eyes contrast sharply with his white hair. Tanned, muscular, erect, he looks less than his 74 years, more than 60 of which he has spent in commercial fishing on Lake Michigan.

The Sabinskes pioneered a trade that has all but disappeared from the south end of the lake. When Dick was six years old he started helping his father, Albert Sabinske, with the nets and boats. Dick was eldest of ten children, and the only one who was born in Germany.

"My father served seven years in the German army, fighting in the Franco-Prussian war in 1871," Dick explained. "He didn't like it. He resolved that if he was going to raise sons, he didn't want that kind of life for them. He came to America alone, got a job in Valparaiso, Indiana, helping to build the Nickel Plate railroad, and sent for my mother and me as soon as he could save enough money."

The family lived for several years in a log cabin near Valparaiso, then moved to Patterson island, now a part of Marquette park at Miller. Albert Sabinske began to catch and sell fish. Six of Dick's brothers and sisters were born on the island.

As the younger brothers became old enough to help, they all had their duties. "We made out all right, too, in those days," Sabinske said, settling back to talk. "Sometimes as much as 4,000 pounds from one catch – big trout, catfish, buffalo fish, whitefish, sturgeon, salmon . . .

"Biggest fish we caught were the

Dick Sabinske, now 74 years old, has spent his life fishing the waters of Lake Michigan off Indiana. He lives alone in the windswept dunes, where he played as a child, to which he brought his bride, and where his children grew up.

Arthur E. Anderson photo

His local reputation is wide and good, based on his integrity, his generosity, and his storytelling gift. People say he looks like the late Will Rogers.

Gary Post-Tribune photo

sturgeon. Two hundred pounds was fairly common, and we caught one that weighed 236 pounds." He pulled out a yellowed picture of himself standing beside that one. The fish was a foot longer than he was tall.

Sabinske shook his head and smiled wryly. "Of course that was 45 or 50 years ago. It's not like that nowadays. Most of the fish have been killed or driven away by the oil, acid and waste from the steel mills and the other industries along the lake. Carloads of fish are killed when they swim into the warm waters of the harbors and get caught in the suction of the water intakes at the mills."

Two of his brothers, August and George, are still actively engaged in the fishing business locally, but consider themselves lucky if they bring in a 500-pound catch; sometimes it's only a handful of perch or herring.

As for Dick, he gave it up two years ago. His wife had died five years before; his doctor had been saying it was time to retire from such heavy work. But the final blow came when a storm battered his expensive nylon nets to shreds. He had met such reverses before; a single storm sometimes meant a loss of as much as $2,500 in nets. When he was younger, he could compensate for such losses by working just that much harder. This time he decided that the rewards of fishing were no longer worth the struggle.

The old days were long days. After the catch was hauled in, it had to be cleaned and taken to market in the hours before dawn. In the winter Dick used to cut ice from ponds (Lake Michigan ice was too rough) and stack it in his fish house, insulating it with layers of sawdust. He sold some of the ice, whatever he didn't need for refrigerating the fish.

Winters, too, he would go hunting and trapping, for food and pelts — coons, rabbits, fox, muskrat, mink, possum, ermine, ducks, geese, squirrels . . . "But not deer," he declared, and his black eyebrows shot up. "They're just too pretty. I couldn't shoot a deer if it chewed my ears off."

Before he was married, Dick used to work in the city in the winter. He always found something to do — laboring in the steel mills at $1.75 for a 12-hour day, tending bar or working in a laundry. There were nine younger children to feed at home, so he resolved to be self-supporting.

"One year things were especially

tough," he remembered, his eyes narrowing. "There were no jobs to be had in the city. So I decided to try gambling. I played the horses in the daytime and poker at night.

"Sometimes I ate steak, and sometimes it was beans. But I didn't have to go home till the fishing season opened, and I didn't have to send home for money. I made out."

Northern Indiana is excited about its big port possibilities following development of the St. Lawrence seaway. But Sabinske doesn't share in the enthusiasm. This isn't so much because of the fish — they are pretty nearly gone already. But he sees no need for the construction of a harbor, with accompanying warehouses, factories and mills, on the last remaining stretch of Indiana duneland.

Sabinske prefers, he admits, to talk of the past, rather than the future. He has a story about the days when Octave Chanute was performing glider experiments in the 1890's at Burns Ditch and Miller beach, long before the Wright brothers achieved fame at Kitty Hawk. Young Dick was walking along the beach when he saw the white-bearded little Frenchman supervising some workmen who were putting together a winged contrivance.

With the brashness of youth, Dick asked, "Do you think that thing will fly?" Chanute smiled and said, "What do *you* think about it?"

"He said it as if he really wanted my ideas, you see. So naturally I stuck around and helped. Chanute never got one-tenth of the credit due him. Sure, the Wright brothers did a lot to perfect the airplane, but Chanute was the real pioneer, and he taught them a lot." Sabinske nodded for emphasis and smiled with satisfaction at his judgment.

Then he talked of "Diana of the Dunes," a legend since her death more than 30 years ago. Said to have been a brilliant college student, she moved into an abandoned shack near the beach and went native, living alone in a room without chair, table or bed. She eventually took up with an ex-pugilist who was six feet four. Neither of this strange pair had visible means of support, and Diana's consort took to looting cottages along the beach during the owners' absence. Dick and his neighbors helped the sheriff round up the criminal.

Once, Sabinske said, a neighbor thought he'd seen the tracks of a bear in the snow. Dick grabbed his gun and went out to have a look. "The tracks were made by *bare* feet all right. But they were Diana's. She had been walking without shoes in snow eight inches deep."

Sabinske was never an expert swimmer, he said. But he saved himself from drowning several times when his boat capsized, and has helped out a lot of people who got into trouble in the water.

Early in the spring of the year 1900, during a heavy storm, he saw the yacht *Fox* anchored two miles east of his fish house. "I figured their anchor rope was bound to break, and it did." As he watched from the beach, he touched something in the sand. It was a human skull.

That was not the first time he had found human bones in the sand, but at this time it made the storm and the distressed ship more ominous. Sabinske went to their rescue and brought all four occupants in safely, altho one of the men, in his desperation, struggled so violently Dick had to knock him out with a blow on the temple before he would come quietly.

About 4 o'clock on a stormy Sunday morning in June, 1911, Sabinske was awakened by cries for help coming from the lake. He put out in his boat, battling the high waves until he came to four men clinging to the wreckage of a sand barge, the *J. D. Marshall.* Four members of the crew had already drowned, but he was able to save the lives of the four that remained.

His most dramatic memory about death, he said, involves the cremation of a poet who had committed suicide. These rites were performed on Miller beach by members of the Whitechapel club of Chicago, the old literary-newspaper society, on a summer night in 1892, and made a profound impression on Dick, then 12 years old.

When a train came in with a huge bundle labeled "Waste to roast the stiff," the population for miles around got curious. Word spread to Chesterton, where railroad handcars were put to use hauling passengers to the site.

Maybe the excitement in the air had something to do with it, Dick said, but he never saw the Aurora Borealis so bright or strange as it looked that night. The corpse, wrapped in white linen, was placed on top of a pyramid of driftwood, which Whitechapel club members ignited with their torches.

"It took a long time for the body to catch fire, and when it did, one arm suddenly raised up as if it were pointing to the sky, or waving farewell."

When Dick told this story, there was a strong winter wind playing around his cottage, and in the background was the splashing of the waves. His driftwood collection cast long black shadows on the wall. Most of the surrounding cottages were still closed for the winter.

"A person could get lonely out here," he said. He was quiet for a while, thinking probably of his wife. They had had a comfortable house in Chesterton, but after she was gone he returned to the dunes beside the lake.

The $875,000 billboard

A dirty thaw was under way at 11:30 a.m. on Groundhog Eve, the hour set for one of the most refined publicity stunts on record. To direct attention to the opening of its annual fund drive, the Chicago Heart Association had persuaded eight leading local artists to paint hearts on a billboard at the northeast corner of Delaware and Michigan.

Site of the historic collaboration was

the big signboard that is normally used to elaborate the virtues of Cadillacs. The sidewalk below was occupied by seven artists, a dozen photographers and reporters, and five policemen, one for every four spectators.

A woman press agent from the Heart association announced to the artists, "You look cold; I better go in and get you all a drink." She went off toward the Palmolive building.

Altho the mass creation was ostensibly just beginning, the billboard contained seven nearly completed paintings and one that was entirely finished. One of the artists, Raymond Breinin, was asked whether he and his colleagues had done all this work during the morning. "No," he said, "We did a sketch and somebody else executed it this far; now we're going to finish."

The painters exchanged banter about each other's works. The first of several jokes was made on the theme that one or another of the group was a cheesecake painter and had executed the Sara Lee billboard just to the north.

Heart association publicity people scurried about distributing press releases of two kinds. One described the sign as a "Million Dollar Billboard," presumably setting a valuation of $125,000 on each contributor's services. The other contained biographical information on the artists, including the fact that two of them had been born in Russia and an equal number in Indiana.

A few minutes before noon the principals climbed up on a scaffold placed across sawhorses and began plying their trade like beavers instead of groundhogs. A covey of photographers assembled some distance to the north shouted at them to all look to the left. Other instructions followed: "The young lady, out a little bit please." "That tall man, will you pull in?" "Pull in where?" responded Francis Chapin with some indignation. He was indeed a towering figure in a fur-lined helmet and a long brown overcoat with a burlap-colored apron tied over it.

A couple of TV cameramen closed in toward the sign, admonishing, "Keep paintin', fellas." Several of them concentrated on Margo Hoff, the only woman among the performers, who was rakishly clad in black hood, black sweater with a red and white heart on the left sleeve, black quilted vest, red wool skirt and pink chiffon scarf. A chilly wind began blowing and Miss Hoff added black gloves, but no coat, to her ensemble.

Photographers herded the small crowd of onlookers together to make it look like a large one. One of the publicity women was asked to identify the ghost painters who had done most of the work of transferring the sketches to the billboard. She said the General Outdoor Advertising company people had taken care of that. The firm's own artists, working indoors, had put each painting on a separate piece of steel, which had been affixed to the billboard earlier that morning.

The painting at the right end of the board, a medical chart type of heart, had been finished because its author, Aaron Bohrod, lives in Madison, Wisconsin, and couldn't get to town for the event.

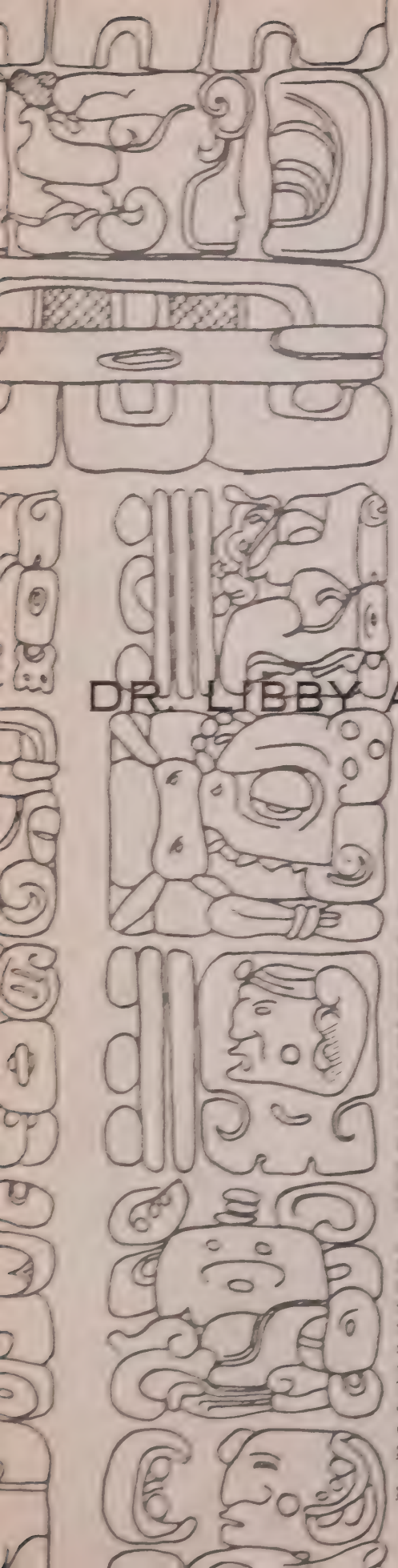
The woman who had gone for the drinks came back with a brown paper bag containing a bottle of Old Grand-Dad and several dixie cups. She began serving drinks to the toilers, taking care not to remove the bottle from the bag. "Gee, that Seven-Up is good," commented Frederick Boulton as he put the final strokes to a picture of a black hand on a red heart.

The other artists began finishing their hearts and signing their names below them. Bohrod's absentee work had not been signed by his alter ego, an oversight which was soon remedied by William Schwartz, his neighbor to the left.

The sky grew darker and the wind more penetrating. Breinin grabbed a brush and began slashing furiously at an unfinished corner of his painting. The thaw and the show were over.

Madame est servie

A woman who patronizes the Upper Avenue National bank in the Palmolive building went up to a vice-president there one day, confessed that she had never seen a thousand-dollar bill, and asked if she might do so. He said sure and went to get one. Several minutes later he returned, chagrined, and announced that apparently there wasn't a thousand-dollar bill in the whole place. Shortly after that the woman went to Europe for a couple of months. She had been back only a few days when she entered the bank and was quickly accosted by the officer, proudly bearing a thousand-dollar bill.



by Georg Mann

DR. LIBBY AND HIS CARBON CLOCK

Out of the dying of atoms, a chemist has fashioned a time scale to date more exactly the events of man's last 15,000 years

One scorching summer day a year or so ago, a visitor walked into the laboratory of Sheldon Kaufman, a graduate student working under Willard F. Libby, professor of chemistry in the University of Chicago's Institute for Nuclear Studies and, since last September, a member of the Atomic Energy commission. Several washtubs filled with scarlet fluid dotted the laboratory floor. Red ink? The visitor sniffed tentatively, then inhaled gratefully, searching for a glass out of the corner of his eye. Not ink but wine, and judging by the bouquet, from a very good year.

The visitor's face broke into a grin as he was assured his guess was right. But his jaw dropped as he was told that the drinks definitely were not on the house. Instead, the French wine in the washtubs was awaiting electrolytic reduction which would leave a teaspoonful out of the initial 30 gallons. The object of this obviously senseless destruction? A nuclear time scale that could chart the age of water up to possibly 30 years.

The first hint of the water-dating project appeared in classified advertisements in the local papers late in July, 1951. They read: "U. of C. Research Institute requires 30 gal. samples of City of Chicago water, at least five and not more than twenty years old. Call Midway [illegible] extension 2502, or write [illegible] Ellis."

The request for "middle-aged" water as the headline writers called it, brought quick answers. A housewife remembered that water stored in jugs for vacation use remained in her basement. An undertaker offered the contents of his fire extinguishers. A grocer remembered that he never had got around to draining his soda pop cooler, filled a dozen years before. England's Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments and Buildings felt sure it could rustle up reasonably antique water samples, and an Illinois chemistry teacher recalled that the water in his hot water heating system had been circulating undisturbed for a span of years well within the time limit.

Most surprisingly, a 30 gallon sample turned up practically in Libby's own office, on the fourth floor of the Institute for Nuclear Studies. Ever since the university's administration

decided, a few days after the first A-bomb test at Alamagordo, to keep the scientists who helped make the A-bomb together, Libby had shared an office with Nobel prize winner Harold C. Urey. Urey suddenly remembered that back in the 1930's, when he was on the trail of "heavy water," he had bottled some 30 gallons of New York city water in a steel cylinder. When he came west to work on the A-bomb, the cylinder had accompanied him and had remained untouched ever since. It was available for Libby's testing.

Two samples were regretfully declined. One was an aging souvenir ounce of water from the Sea of Galilee. The other was a certified bottle of 1933 beer. Neither sample was big enough.

The search for water of known age was not the first time Libby, a tall, sandy-haired scientist who dresses in the formal double-breasted suits of the conservative business man, had found himself collecting strange objects. Previously, in the development of his "atomic calender," which has established dates for events before man bothered to write his own history, Libby found himself receiving eagerly awaited specimens that experienced collectors might kick aside.

In the development of the atomic calendar, he handled things like:

Linen wrappings of a Book of Isaiah found in a cave near the Dead Sea — the so-called Dead Sea scrolls. Libby's date: roughly 2,000 years old, with a 200-year margin of error;

Charcoal from a ritual hole in Britain's ancient Stonehenge. Libby's date: 3,800 years, which showed the age of this late Stone age part of the mysterious monument on the Wiltshire plain;

Lotus seeds from China, supposedly 50,000 years old. Libby's date: roughly 1,000 years. Planted in Washington, D.C., some of the seeds sprouted;

Charred bison bone from Lubbock, Texas, recovered from a site associated with the will-o'-the-wisp Folsom man, so far, the country's oldest known inhabitant. The date? Pushing 10,000 years;

Woven rope sandals taken from what apparently had been an ancient shoe factory at Fort Rock Cave, Oregon, which had been buried beneath the pumice of an ancient volcanic eruption. Libby dated them at about 9,000 years old;

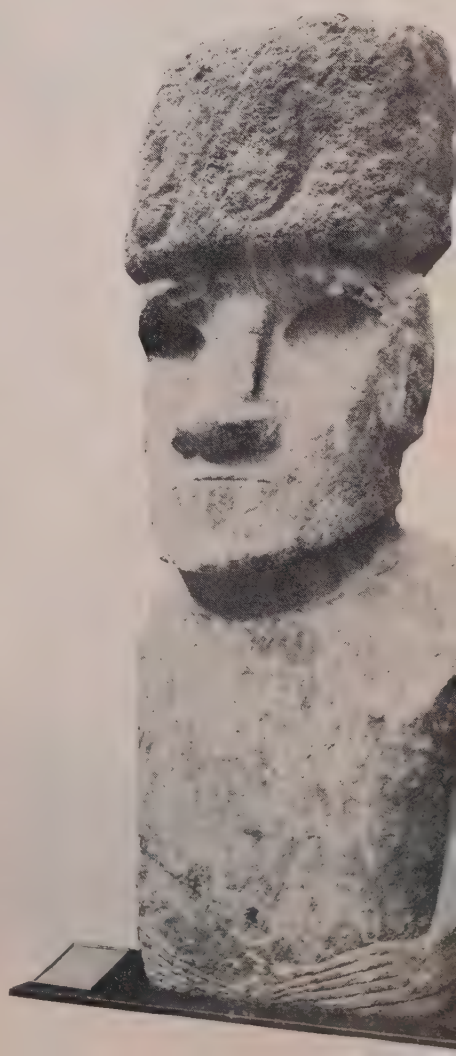
Three ounces of human hair from an ancient cemetery at Nagada in southern Egypt, and two ounces of dried human skin from the same area. The hair turned out to be a little older than the skin, the age of which was placed at roughly 5,600 years;

Dung of the long-extinct giant sloth from the gypsum cave at Las Vegas, which showed that some 10,500 years had passed since this creature lived in the United States. Most of these dates were close to those estimated previously for the specimens.

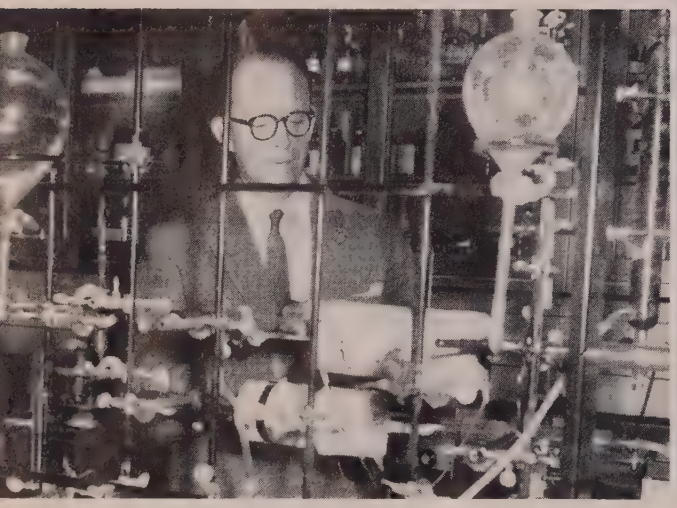
While the objects tested seemed strange — almost 1,000 samples have been processed to date — the results are revolutionary. Step by step Libby has dated some of the Indian mounds found in various sections of the country, establishing the beginning of a pattern in the history of the so-called mound builders. Studies of wood and peat buried near Two Creeks, Wisconsin, when the last glacier moved down from the north have set the last Ice age at a mere 11,000 years in the past — about half of what was previously thought. Painstaking care slightly shifted the date of Hammurabi, the law giver of Babylonia, to close to 4,000 years in the past. Last November Libby cleared up a long standing scientific controversy over systems of correlation of dates between the amazingly accurate ancient Mayan calendar and our own.

BOTH THE SEARCH for middle-aged water and the strange samples that Libby used to establish landmarks in the human past date back to a paper he published in 1946 about the probable effects of cosmic ray bombardment of the upper air. Unraveling the scientific detective work that stretches from the laboratory's "if this, then that" speculations about nuclear reactions down to the Mayan calendar illustrates the quality of the man perhaps more than any other facet of his character. It is a character that combines a free-wheeling scientific imagination with steel-trap scientific preciseness. Meeting Libby, talking with him, visiting his laboratory, might give a clue to the preciseness, but scant indication of the imagination. His conversation is as reticent as a banker's, and as direct, until suddenly a sense of warmth beneath comes thru with a quick, almost shy grin. While he was at the Institute his laboratory was as neat as a cashier's cage; his austere office, with its gray steel furniture, was marked by bare table and desk tops and banks of neatly arranged scientific journals. The only aspect of

The mute monoliths of Easter island remain undated. But their near relatives, the giants of Stonehenge, have yielded the secret of their age under Dr. Libby's techniques.



scientist was in his University of Chicago laboratory attending a vacuum line for distilling carbon. When news photographers found Libby last fall on the day that President Eisenhower named him to the Atomic Energy commission, the



One of the cultures whose history is clearer because of Libby is that of the mound builders of America. Before radiocarbon dating, the mounds had given scientists only a maze of crisscrossing evidence. Now a real pattern is taking shape.

his manner that seemed odd in those conservative surroundings was a rather gangling physique — a vestige of his farm childhood and work as a youth on a California fruit ranch.

For the imagination, the word of his fellow scientists must suffice. They regard him as a master of scientific inspiration. When Libby enters his laboratory, he already has an idea of how nature should behave, and it usually agrees with him.

The original theoretical steps that led to the discovery of the atomic calendar and of the method of water dating seem simple. Cosmic rays from outer space, whose activity seems related to the sun, bombard the upper air. High in the upper reaches, their activity produces neutrons, electrically neutral heavy particles found in the nucleus of the atom. These neutrons speed along thru space, striking some of the atoms in the rarefied air. Air is 80 per cent nitrogen, and when a neutron hits a nitrogen atom three different nuclear combinations can result: an atom of radioactive carbon 14 plus one hydrogen atom; an atom of beryllium 11 plus one of helium 4, or an atom of carbon 12 plus one of hydrogen 3.

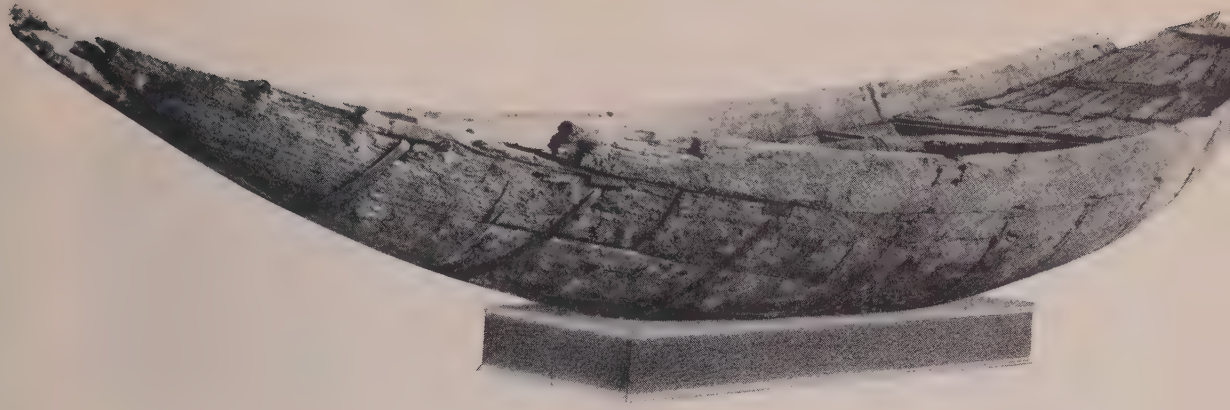
So? So both the carbon 14 and the hydrogen 3 — better known as tritium, one of the postulated elements of the H-bomb — are radioactive, and give off radiations that can be picked up thru Geiger counters. Radioactive carbon 14 can hitch itself to two oxygen atoms, resulting in radioactive carbon dioxide in the air. Similarly, the tritium unites with another hydrogen and an oxygen atom and water results.

Still working the imaginative side of the street, Libby began to wonder what happens to these compounds "tagged" by nature, as they circulate thru the earth and its atmosphere. Carbon dioxide is breathed in by plants, the carbon retained and the oxygen breathed out. Water vapor in the air falls to earth as precipitation and is soaked up as ground water or runs off into rivers, lakes and oceans.

THE NEXT STEP involves a fundamental property of radioactive substances. They decay, lose their radioactivity. Scientists measure this rate of decay in what is called a half-life —the length of time it takes for a substance to lose half its radioactivity. When a tree dies it stops taking in new carbon dioxide and what radiocarbon exists in its wood begins to decay. Men and animals eat plants, absorbing the radioactive carbon from the plants into their own bodies, and when they die the radiocarbon shows the same decline. This also is true for tritium, which is taken up by plants in the water they absorb. However, the half-life of radiocarbon is about 5,600 years, that of tritium, about 12½ years.

In order to date plant or animal remains within the time limits, Libby reasoned, it was necessary only to measure the amount of radioactivity present. The same seemed true for determining the age of water. Thus far, the imagination carried Libby. Then came the problems of precision. The amount of radioactivity present in a fossil bone or in a glass of Lake Michigan water is smaller than the normal cosmic-ray-induced amount that exists thruout the atmosphere, the "back-

Sun boat, which carried an Egyptian king to realm of dead in 1849 B.C., was among the first ancient objects Libby tested.



ground," scientists call it. So the sample to be counted must be concentrated and isolated from the background.

The methods are extremely complicated. Suffice it to say Libby developed techniques for reducing fossil bone, charcoal, trees, to elementary carbon, then placing them inside eight inches of iron to shield off radiations from cosmic rays. In the case of water, the heavier hydrogen atoms were concentrated thru electrolysis to make counting easier. Then he developed a special variety of Geiger counter, which picked up the weak radiations he sought to record, and used an electronic hook-up involving surrounding tubes to keep the apparatus from counting cosmic radiations.

This schematic description has bypassed intermediate steps — the search for radiocarbon in sewer gas, for example, when it was first thought that it should exist on earth. It has bypassed the ticklish problem of whether or not archeological remains might be contaminated by modern radioactivity. Recently, archeologists have worked out more fool-proof methods of insuring the purity of their specimens. The "atomic calendar" was not devised in a day, but by painful exploratory testing of archeological items of known date until the initial scale was shown to be accurate, just as water samples of known dates were tested to make sure the basic idea was sound. In archeology, of course, Libby was fortunate in sharing a campus with the scholars of the university's Oriental Institute, who could provide him with his initial materials.

As a result of Libby's speculations, archeology has a tremendously important new means of dating its discoveries. There are errors inherent in the system. Due to a variety of causes, all of Libby's dates are followed by a "plus or minus" factor. But some students in this field have considered the discovery of the calendar second only to the development of the H-bomb.

For his development of radiocarbon dating, Libby received the Research Corporation award for 1951 and last year Columbia university awarded him its Chandler medal.

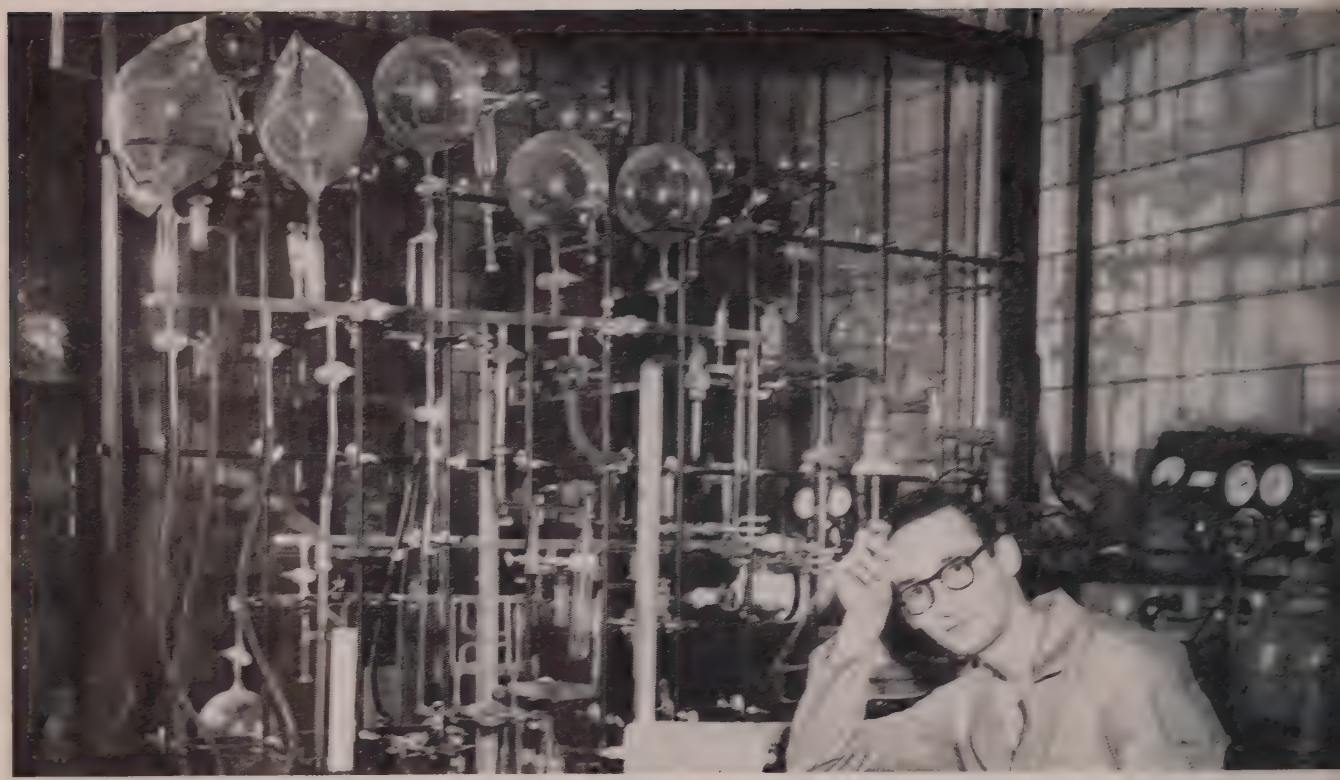
Water dating has already shown that artesian well water has been well aged. Deep wells, Libby has found, run to more than 50 years old. As an indication of the precision of the dating techniques, Libby, in tracking down tritium, is working with a substance so rare that a few ounces of water could contain all the tritium on earth. (Radiocarbon, by contrast, is disgustingly abundant, a good 80 tons existing on earth.) Yet for all its scarcity, it offers a tool for tracking down movements of water vapor in the air. About four times as much tritium is produced at the southern tip of Hudson's bay as at the equator. Thus the tritium content of the clouds should vary with the latitude where the clouds originated. Does the water one drinks come from "old" sources or is it a product of current rains? The tritium calendar can tell.

HIS SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES essentially are Libby's biography. In modern times, few investigators have remained so purely a part of their work. Probing discloses little more of the man behind the calendar. Few anecdotes surround the scientist or the man. Yet outlines take shape. Libby is not only an expert but a generous as well as strict teacher. He gives his students their head, allowing them to investigate at they please and warmly encouraging their talent; but quietly and calmly he can make a slipshod student squirm right down to his toes. Results are what counts. A student's laboratory may be the traditional heaps of equipment compared with Libby's own neatness, but as long as the line of research is followed with scientific exactness, there is no objection.

Proof of Libby's success as a teacher and scientific leader is James R. Arnold of the Institute for Nuclear Studies. Arnold, already past his student days, collaborated on the first dating lists and currently is engaged on work of his own for extending the techniques. Sheldon Kaufman since has gone into the army but Ariel Schrodt, a recent student, has developed a method of creating radioactive tracers in gasoline, which should be useful in studies of gasoline processing. An early student, Samuel Rubin, was one of the first to produce artificial carbon 14 in the cyclotron. Two others, Ernest Anderson and William H. Johnstone, have left the city for careers in science.

Forty-six last December, Libby was born in the remote Grand valley area in Colorado. His parents moved to California while he was a boy and Libby worked around the farm, but apple picking palled eventually. At the University of California he received a B.S. degree in 1931 and a Ph.D. in 1933, following which he

Tombs such as Ptahotep's, below, yielded a wealth of relics that respond to radiocarbon tests. The university's Oriental Institute provided many such objects.



As a member of the University of Chicago team, Dr. Libby spent time teaching and trained some able men in his methods. Above, Sheldon Kaufman.

Picture credit, left to right: page 24, University of Chicago; p.22, Univ. of C. Press; p.22, Wide World, Natural History museum; p.23, Nat. Hist. museum, Kaufmann & Fabry; p.24, U. of C.; p.25, U. of C., U.P.

taught at the university and attained the rank of associate professor. At the beginning of World War II Libby was called to participate in work on the A-bomb that was being carried on at Columbia university. After the war, in 1945, he came to the University of Chicago.

During his Institute tenure Libby, his pert wife, Leonor, and their nine-year-old twin daughters lived in a gracious red brick home in Kenwood where he was a frequent host to his students. His back yard, neat as his laboratory, was the setting for numerous steak-fries. For refuge from the empirical devices of science, he attended the Chicago Symphony orchestra's Friday afternoon concerts with considerable regularity.

Somewhat skeptical of publicity at first, Libby came to realize that his daring raid into man's past was a legitimate object of human curiosity and that the modern scientist has an obligation to communicate realistically as well as discover. At the same time, he steered clear of the social controversies that enveloped his field. While his colleagues were fighting – and winning – the battle for the civilian control of atomic energy, he avoided public statements.

When the Oppenheimer affair rocked the scientific community, shattering Geiger counters across the nation, Libby shunned public comment. Yet Arnold was one of the most vocal scientists in attempting to find some common meeting ground between science and society. And Libby's officemate at Chicago, Harold C. Urey, has seldom declined an opportunity to put a frank and considered opinion before the public. Libby has had the happy facility of keeping on first-rate terms with the belligerent scientific elements while maintaining a generally conservative viewpoint of his own.

WHEN THE NEWS of his appointment to the Atomic Energy commission arrived. Libby behaved characteristically. For one thing, he did not want to leave his intensive research program. For another, he realized the offer meant a tremendous opportunity for service. Reluctantly, he obtained a leave of absence from the university and moved to Washington. In a very old-fashioned sense, he recognized a call for service and took it, regardless of the sacrifice involved. In fact, when he was appointed, he did not know whether he was being appointed to fill out the remaining two years of the term of Dr. Henry Smyth, who resigned to return to Princeton university, or to a full term. It turned out to be the former.

To the average citizen, what does the appointment mean? For one thing, the battered AEC now has a member who is accustomed to listening to all sides politely before making up his mind, and then to express his own opinion in a succinct and definitive judgment. For another, private development of the atom will be advocated strongly. Urey, for example, has been one of the most insistent advocates of private atomic development. There is no reason to believe Libby

design by Joe Phelan

James R. Arnold, a collaborator with Libby in the early phases, is his chief heir in the Institute for Nuclear Studies. Now that Libby is in Washington, Arnold is pursuing the logical future of the technique, which is to push its reach farther and farther back into pre-history.

disagrees with him. Even more important, Libby's ordinarily placid face lights up like a beacon when he discusses the industrial use of atomic tracers, which is, after all, his own particular province. Here, he feels, the prospects have only begun to be explored. The slightest trace of carbon 14 or tritium, once the techniques are adopted, can pinpoint essential processes in the chemical problems of at least a dozen of the nation's important industries.

In the long run, Libby's post on the AEC means that a working scientist, objective and uncommitted, is available to guide the program. His laboratory has been dismantled, the steel shielding of his Geiger counter has gone clanking down the corridors of the Institute for Nuclear Studies, on its way to Washington, where he hopes to keep his hand in on experiments. But whether he continues his tests or not — and he has given his methods to many other laboratories — he has already left his mark on the atomic era in which we live.

Lotus blossom grown from a seed 2,000 years old.

Au Revoir, ma

by Jacques Rimey

Fair queen of the Great Lakes, for nine years I have accorded my moods, now with your smiles, now with your frowns, in a communion of sensitivity which is rather unique considering that you are American and I am French.

Tomorrow I shall be gone, forever perhaps, and you will become "the best years of my life." This late evening, I am here to part. I have contrived our rendezvous with the precise solicitude of a man in love. I have dared even the tortuous whip of a windy winter night. Thru a prestige of its own, my imagination has changed this forlorn roof into an altar of worship.

My eyes see nothing but your face, powerfully molded by lights and clear shadows. My heart guesses the rest of your presence. In naive pride you ask: "Why did you choose to meet me during those hours when so much of myself has sunk into the deep darknesses? Why did you refuse the last revelation of my body, in all its fullness, at the hour of noon when my veins carry their reddest blood?" I will answer.

You are endowed with great natural beauty and many talents. Forgive my frankness if I concede openly to your detractors that, under the inquisitive sun, I have observed, scattered over your generous limbs, the ugly scars resulting from your intemperate flirtation with a mechanical and promiscuous civilization. Still very young by the standard of history, you rest securely on the bold assurance that in the course of time a predetermined miracle will deliver you from the effects of sin. Presently, your disdainful elation derives solely from your grandiose stature.

I am 2,000 years of age, with no perfect future left to possess. I have to search out perfection in my narrow

photograph by Lee Balterman

Grand'Ville

A French diplomat bids
the city an impassioned farewell

present. And you are perfection when the mantle of night has discreetly fallen over your "broad shoulders."

Tonight, I am here to open the reasons of my heart. My love is formed out of subtler elements than an admirative appreciation of your innumerable treasures or a reverential wonder at your staggering proportions and your inflexible power. As well as any of your thurifers, I am versed in the arithmetic of your cosmic magnitude. My flawless memory can recite "all the facts about Chicago." I shall not deny that some of them still defy my command of English and French adjectives of praise. But my love for you founds not on apocalyptic figures but on the revelations of your soul.

Chicago, *ma Grand'Ville,* I love you . . .

Because thousands of young men and women have transplanted in the campuses of your great universities the trees of my own freedoms and, in their crowded solitudes, apply the same generous enthusiasm that was mine in the *Quartier Latin* to the irreverent creation of a better world or to setting the principles of a new and a cabalistic philosophy;

Because each and every day so many of your people dispute with a distorting passion the brilliant paradoxes or the somehow insufferable prejudices of one of my elect columnists;

Because the internal peace of many a family is shattered when father takes a violent exception to the mellifluous opinion of a lady music critic while mother holds, with a no less combative conviction, that "the music critic is *absolutely* right and furthermore, she writes such a wonderful English. Don't you remember her piece, 'Twilight Over Paris,' two years ago? A masterpiece of graphic description, *I am telling you.* And furthermore, her farewell letter to William Kapell was reproduced on the cover of the RCA record 'In Memoriam.' *He* would have loved it.";

Because half of your population hates the conductor of your symphony orchestra, while half of it loves him;

Because over a thousand of your leading citizens did not wait for his death to celebrate the poetic exploits of your own Carl Sandburg;

Because of your annual reverence to Father Marquette;

Because you, the materialistic city of steel and electronics, are the home of *Poetry;* because one entire issue of *Poetry* was dedicated to contemporary French poets and printed in the French language;

Because, beyond the borders of Paris, here, a greater number of men and women have elucidated the arcana of the modern French school of painting than in any other capital on the face of the earth;

Because you have more artists' materials shops, per capita, than any other city, including Paris;

Because, in the squalid basements of your Near North Side and of 57th street, toils a unique conglomerate of true artists and bohemians;

Because, if I trust the curator of the Louvre museum himself, you have reacted to the exposition of French tapestries with more discerning taste than some of the celebrated capitals of Europe;

Because one of today's foremost stained-glass makers is my neighbor;

Because some of the finest hand-blocked silk prints are designed on your Near North Side. Even Paris knows of them;

Because, *mirabile dictu,* you boast a "thought factory," a "college of complexes" and a "bughouse square."

Because, within five years, one of your sons, with no more to start with than your own motto, "I Will," has built up a bookstore which at present is your pride;

Because my lovely waitress — waitress by profession — attends the University of Chicago "to improve her mind";

Because your taxi drivers are at times philosophers and always gentlemen;

Because you have lived dangerously.

Chicago, *ma Grand'Ville,* I love you very specially . . .

Because on a memorable evening hundreds of American negroes, in a night club on the South Side, sang with deep overtones their love for France;

Because the choir of your "Church of the Deliverance" has made me weep;

Because immediately after the end of the war, you contributed more freight cars to the "Friendship Train" leaving for France than any other big city in the United States;

Because the warmth of your welcome has become a cliche among the members of your armed forces;

Because some years ago, digging into the oceanic depths of your generosity, you built and furnished a new house in two weeks, and gratis, for a little girl who nearly lost her life trying to save her younger brothers from burning to death;

Because you made me a rich man when you gave me a friend.

For all this, and for many more reasons, I love you.

Je t'aime pour toutes ces raisons, et pour toutes celles que la raison ne connait pas.

Au revoir, Chicago, ma Grand'Ville!

Aristocrats of the

by Norman Calhoun

The French have a whimsical way of describing the characteristics of themselves and fellow Europeans as follows: "One Frenchman: a monologue; two Frenchmen: a dialogue; three Frenchmen: a banquet. One German: a philosopher; two Germans: a beer party; three Germans: *c'est la guerre!*" The formula is applied to the other nations of western Europe, with amusing and at times apt results; and attempts have been made to apply it to Americans, too. One recent effort goes as follows:

"One American: Tom Sawyer; two Americans: free enterprise; three Americans: a Rotary club."

Opinions may differ as to how much this wisecrack says about the American character, but it is obviously a handsome tribute to Rotary, which began celebrating its jubilee year with a dinner at the Sherman hotel last month (February 23, the date of the first Rotary meeting in 1905) and will build to a climactic celebration running from May 29 to June 2, when 20,000 Rotarians are expected here from the 89 countries where the clubs are organized. Begun as a meeting of four small town Americans lost in the big city, the original club has grown in a half-century to an international organization so vast that there is a meeting of a Rotary club, whether in Sioux City, Yokohama, Calcutta, Athens or Edinburgh, virtually every hour of the daily 24.

But Rotary has done more than propagate itself to far corners of the world: it was the first of the service clubs developed by American businessmen, and the inspiration of the others, many of which are also flourishing on a world scale. As such, Rotary is a major phenomenon on the American, and not a negligible one on the world scene — a statement attested by the fact that all totalitarian regimes make a practice of stamping it out whenever possible. There are no Rotary clubs in the Communist world, and they were gradually suppressed by Mussolini, Hitler and the Japanese militarists.

In addition to contemplating the vast scope of their organization and its imitators, the Rotarians who come to Chicago this year will have an opportunity to trace its impressive material growth. The modest business office in which it began can still be seen, on the seventh floor of the old Unity building at 127 north Dearborn. For a long time Rotary had offices on Wacker drive, but last August it moved its world headquarters to a 50,000-square-foot limestone palace at the northwest corner of Ridge and Davis in Evanston. From this center, 150 employes supervise club affairs which, in addition to the publication of a magazine in two languages, involve sending out 1,000,000 pieces of mail annually and handling 300,000 pieces that come in.

Attempts to trace the origin of service clubs can transport you, if you are listening to a sufficiently enthusiastic member, quite a distance back in space and time. According to one school of thought, precursors of the service club are to be found in the Greek historian Xenophon, who described a "Symposium" which was in fact a luncheon meeting of prominent Athenians; and also in Mallory's description of the agenda of the Knights of the Round Table. (Like the clubmen, Mallory's knights enjoyed making speeches about their occupational difficulties, which involved dragons and virgins. And they went in for community singing, in Gaelic).

If the resemblance between Pericles, Sir Galahad and the average Rotarian seems a trifle far-fetched, the historian of Rotary can put himself on firmer ground by moving down to the 16th century. There is documentary evi-

First public service project of the first Rotary club was installation of comfort stations at corner of city hall.

Born in the big city 50 years ago, Rotary has carried its Midwestern gospel of small town neighborliness as far as Pakistan and Bechuanaland

luncheon table

dence of the regular meeting at that time of a group called "Rota"; and a number of "Rotation clubs" existed in England in the 18th century. In Revolutionary times, Benjamin Franklin presided for 40 years over a group called the "Junto" whose character was such that a historian, Carl van Doren, wrote an article called "Benjamin Franklin Almost Invented Rotary."

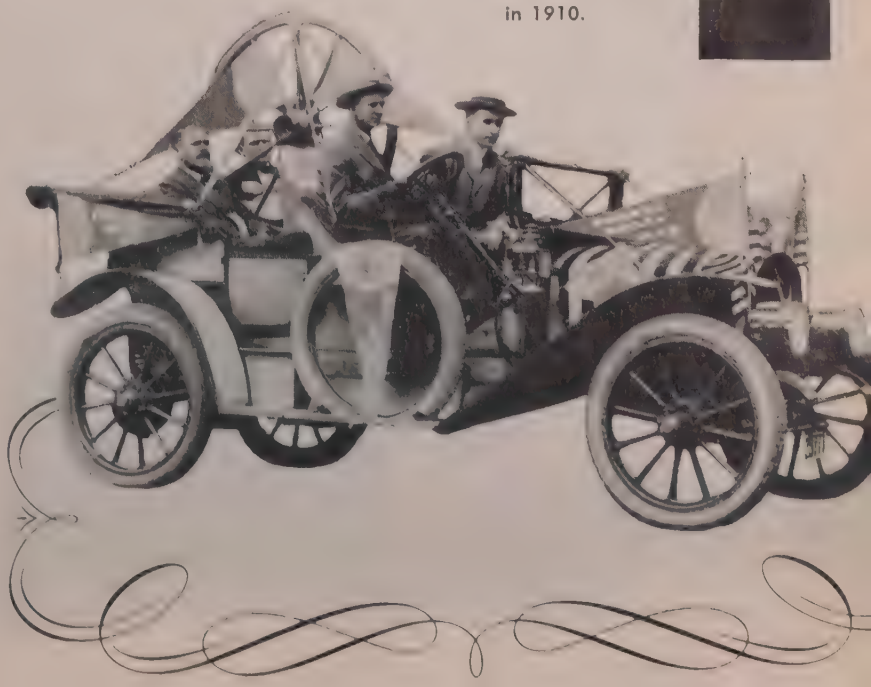
Nothing could have been more apt if he had, for old Ben might well be described as the ego-ideal of Rotarians everywhere. He had all it takes: business shrewdness, a taste for conviviality, a genuine desire to lend a helping hand and a knack for making friends at home and abroad. The great Philadelphian doubtless felt that human nature, politics, economics and morality are somewhat more complicated than they may appear from the perspective of a service club luncheon, but there is no one of the Founding Fathers that it would be easier to imagine ensconced as a high official in the Rotary headquarters on the North Shore.

The real founder of Rotary had never, at the time when he started the wheel rolling, heard of Rota or Rotation clubs; indeed, he had no idea at first that he was starting anything of much moment. Paul Harris was a mild, clerical-looking lawyer who was born in the Midwest, brought up in Vermont, and trained in law at the State University of Iowa. The young Harris combined a taste for adventure with prudence and foresight. Upon graduating, he determined to travel and try different kinds of work before settling down to the practice of his profession. Between 1891 and 1896, Harris was a newspaperman in California, taught in a Los Angeles business college, worked at a fruit farm and a raisin-packing plant, did a stint as an actor and a cowhand, picked oranges in Louisiana, worked his way to England twice on cattle boats, and traveled as a marble and granite salesman in Britain and Europe.

In 1896, he opened a law office in Chicago, and his life settled into a routine counterpointed, despite his lively background, by a sense of loneliness as a small-town boy in the big city, and specifically by the lack of any real intercourse with his business or professional acquaintances. Later on in life, Harris recalled having been impressed by a friend who had gone out of his way to cultivate the personal friendship of his neighbors. In the course of a few years, Harris evolved such experiences, and his reflections on them, into the impulse to form a club, largely for the purpose of helping strangers make friends, and with the notion that they would benefit from knowing about each other's businesses and professions.

The first club had four members — Harris and three of his clients: Silvester Schiele, a coal merchant; Gustavus Loehr, a mining engineer; and Hiram Shorey, a merchant tailor. Its proper form developed rapidly. Harris coined the name "Rotary" to express the idea of rotating meetings from one member's place of business to another's, and young businessmen from the towns and villages flocked to join. In 1908, some key events happened:

Paul Harris, founder. Carful of Rotarians attended club's first convention in 1910.



Local Rotary club, which meets at the Sherman hotel, is oldest and largest in the world. View is of speakers' table.

the second club was formed, in San Francisco, and Arthur F. Sheldon and Ches Perry joined. These two, as the founder was fond of stressing, made a fundamental difference in the evolution of Rotary.

Limitation of club membership to one member of each occupation was a part of the Rotary idea from the beginning; corollary to it was Harris's plan of having each member read a paper on a business topic — meaning, usually, his own business.

Originally there was no idea of community service. Besides the reading of papers, group singing was introduced, and Harris encouraged original stunts to pep up the meetings. After several years, the rotation of meetings among members' offices was abandoned in favor of luncheon meetings. And about this time Sheldon introduced a vital new concept.

The president of a school for salesmanship, Sheldon was the apostle of the idea that selling is a service to society. He had coined a slogan, "He profits most who serves best," and insisted that it be interpreted not as pure altruism, but as a precept of sound business. Sheldon's club fellows took the phrase in both senses, and adopted it as the club motto. A few years later the Minneapolis Rotary adopted "Service Above Self" as its motto; today both terms are used in combination thruout the international organization.

THE SERVICE CONCEPT gave a vital core to Rotary. Helpfulness to fellow Rotarians was a good thing but self-centered. The early Rotarians realized this and, inspired by Harris' leadership, Sheldon's slogan, and the organizational ability of Ches Perry, who was secretary of Rotary International for three decades, they began seeking opportunities for helpfulness to people outside the club.

It was Harris himself who suggested the first public service project: nothing more exalted than a campaign to get public comfort stations installed in the Loop. In characteristic fashion, the Rotarians began by getting other groups interested in the same objective. The success of their efforts is still visible today at the Washington-LaSalle corner of the city hall.

This action was the beginning — if the beginning can be pinpointed — of the service club concept. Rotary thus has the distinction of establishing as a fundamental characteristic of the movement the philanthropic spirit which, along with the emphasis on neighborliness, permeated its own program and spread to the other service clubs that sprang up in its wake.

The nature of the service performed varies from one organization to another, and even from one club to another in the same organization. Some stress self-improvement, thru the discussion of current events and controversial questions of the day. They feel that they serve their community best by keeping informed. Others go to the opposite extreme and emphasize charity and tangible services to the unfortunate.

By 1910, the wheel of Rotary had been set spinning across the country so rapidly that a dozen clubs met here to form the National Association of Rotary Clubs with Harris, of course, as president. He was elected president a second time, and then became president emeritus, a title he held until his death in 1947.

In 1910, a club was started in Winnipeg: Rotary had become international; in the following year, it went transatlantic, with clubs being formed in London, Dublin and Belfast. This development was officially recognized in 1912 with the change of the organization's name to the International Association of Rotary Clubs. In 1916, the first foreign language group was formed: El Club Rotario de la Habana, in Cuba.

Today Rotary International has about 400,000 members organized in 8,500 clubs. Apart from its official magazine, Rotary publicity appears, in whole or part, in French, Portuguese, Spanish, Afrikaans, Arabic, Burmese, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, German, Greek, Gujarati, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Marathi, Norwegian, Swedish, Tamil, Tagalog, Urdu, Esperanto and Braille. Some of its international philanthropy is carried on thru the Rotary foundation, which has amassed about $3,800,000 of voluntary contributions for various charitable causes. Individual clubs have their own projects. In this area, Lloyd Hollister, Wilmette printer, has been instrumental in raising funds for locally-sponsored scholarships to bring foreign students to Northwestern university. (The turning of Rotary's thought overseas, and the impact of its foreign membership, are quickly seen from a glance at the list of directors, which includes names like Alphonse Fievez, Soignies, Belgium; Ernesto Imbassahy de Mello, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Nitish Laharry, Calcutta, India).

The commemorative celebrations of Rotary last month included special meetings in all the countries where the club is represented; the simultaneous premieres, at each of these meetings, of a Hollywood film about Rotary starring Rotarian Edward Arnold; and the award of 108 fellowships for students. During the course of the year, 14 countries will issue special postage stamps commemorating the golden jubilee. Rotary has long been a dictionary word.

Yet neither these facts, nor the present size of Rotary International, indicates the extent to which Harris's inspiration has borne fruit. In measuring its influence, the organizations which followed it must be considered. Even an incomplete roll call is impressive.

On March 27, 1911, 13 businessmen in Detroit formed the first Exchange club. Others followed, and shortly they banded together as the National Exchange club, under the motto, "Unity for Service." There are now 1,220 Exchange clubs with more than 50,000 members.

Early in 1912, a physician who found his classification closed in the new Rotary club in Kansas City, Missouri, started another service club of his own with a fellow physician and a newspaperman. They coined a slogan, "Service to Mankind," and from the slogan they manufactured a name, Sertoma. Eight years later there was a national organization, and today there are 200 Sertoma clubs.

About the same time, three Cleveland men who wished to perpetuate their college friendships started Gyro, which now has 5,000 members in 109 clubs.

A year after World War I, eleven independent clubs met at Louisville, Kentucky, and formed Optimist International, which has 45,000 members in 1,000 clubs today.

By this time the idea smelled like money. Early in 1915, a promoter named Allen Brown coined the word "Kiwanis," formed a club in Detroit and went on to organize others for which he supplied a charter (for a fee) and from which he collected dues. Kiwanis, like Rotary in the beginning, emphasized mutual help among members, but later on the idea of community service took hold, and when it did the 130 Kiwanis clubs

bought out the founder's interest for $16,500, changed its motto from "We Trade" to "We Build" and began building. Today there are 3,955 Kiwanis clubs with a membership of 232,000.

Bigger still is Lions International, started in Dallas in 1917, when 25 miscellaneous clubs came together. One of these was the Business Circle Club of Chicago, started by an insurance broker, Melvin Jones. He was elected secretary of the new organization and soon gave up his business to work at it full time. He is still secretary, and there are 501,335 Lions of the biped species organized in 11,335 clubs in more than 50 countries.

The roster of service clubs, without counting several women's groups, also includes Civitan International; Cosmopolitan International; Ruritan International, with 508 clubs and 17,800 members in 12 southern states; 20-30 International, made up of men in their twenties and thirties; and the Loyal Knights of the Round Table, founded not in Camelot, but in Oakland, California.

What are the differences between Rotary and the other service clubs — particularly the larger ones like Kiwanis and Lions? According to a familiar catch phrase, it's simple: the Rotarians own the town, the Kiwanians run it and the Lions enjoy it.

There's a certain rationale behind this joke. Rotary accepts only one member from each occupation, and prefers that he be the head of his concern — president of a corporation, manager of a local branch, editor of a newspaper. As a result, Rotarians by and large have bigger incomes than the members of other service clubs. Hence the belief that they own the town. Another reason (expressed by non-Rotarians) is that they are more noted for handing out a check to a worthy cause than for doing something about it on their own — as Kiwanians do, say Kiwanians.

In Chicago, the structural differences of the various service clubs tend to reinforce the idea of Rotary as the aristocratic one. In some large cities Rotary has divided its forces among several neighborhood clubs, but here there has always been only one club, the oldest and largest. Kiwanis and Lions are organized on a neighborhood basis here, providing for more members but generally less affluent ones than Rotary.

Rotarians rarely seek publicity for their club, or for themselves as members. Partly for this reason, Rotary has a degree of dignity beyond that of other service groups. Kiwanis and the Lions put this another way — each of them, they claim, is more truly democratic than Rotary.

During the twenties in particular, Rotary used to have more formidable critics than members of rival clubs. It was then the butt of ferocious intellectuals like H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis and Bernard Shaw. (These three, along with numerous other writers of note, later became contributors to *The Rotarian*). These intellectuals equated Rotary with Babbittry, dismissed the ideal of service as hypocrisy, and regarded the informal conviviality of the club, with its insistence on the use of first names only, as middle-class coarseness.

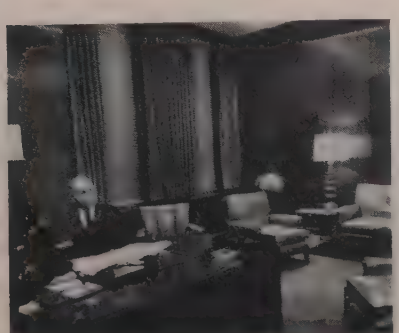
More temperate observers like Mark Sullivan interpreted Rotary as an instrument which eased the transition from the farm and small town society of the 19th century to the metropolitan culture of our time. There is much to this, and Paul Harris was the first to say so; but how does it explain the remarkable popularity of Rotary in countries like England, where the transition was completed long ago; in the Spanish-speaking countries, whose traditions are so different from ours; in Japan, where 20 of 37 Rotary clubs suppressed at the beginning of World War II maintained an underground existence thruout it?

THE SOURCES of Rotary's strength probably go a great deal deeper. The fact that the Vatican has forbidden priests to join Rotary (and similar clubs) is significant. It springs from the social attitudes symbolized in the rule that members must address each other by their first name — a rule incompatible with the role played by the Catholic priest. Rotary, tho open to all creeds, is fundamentally Protestant and American. In a world in which traditions of culture and supernatural religion have lost their force, Rotary is a lively example of the democratization of culture, and of the secularization of religious impulses.

Because it is Protestant, it puts emphasis on works rather than creed; because it is American, it stresses equality. It is an attempt to turn a business culture to socially good purposes, and conversely to put charity on a basis of practical good works. Whether Rotarians perform as much philanthropy as they commit themselves to doing (and who does?) is something debatable inside the organization as well as outside it. But there is little doubt that its practical idealism is a channeling, in a commercial culture, down from the rationalistic liberalism (of Ben Franklin, for example) which made America. This fact is clear at least to the totalitarian states which repress Rotary on sight. That is the secret of its success in such unlikely lands as Brazil, Greece and Japan. In these countries, it appeals to the new middle classes — to the successful industrialist, engineer, doctor or lawyer. They are the men who apart from the pure intellectuals have moved farthest away from their native, traditional cultures into the mainstream of the 20th century — into the atmosphere of industrial democracy — or, in other words, into the Chicago of Paul Harris and of Rotary International.

Much, and perhaps all, of this was clear to Paul Harris, who left an appealing statement of his belief:

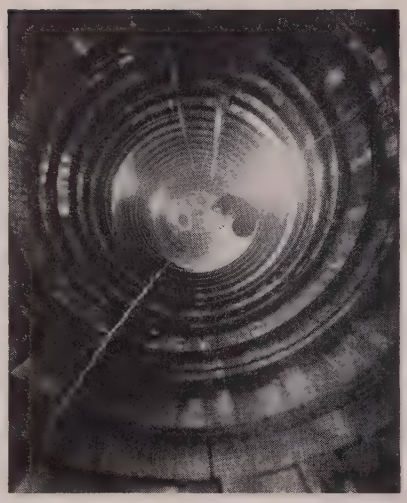
"It seems a far cry to the millenium, and yet, there is no prospect more alluring than that held out by the exaltation of vocation as the most available and appropriate means of contributing to social ends. If the ideal which places service first and compensation second in the sequence of events can become the order of the day, there will be no further need of prisons or almshouses. Is the ideal possible of attainment? Very likely not, within the day of those now living; but there are other generations yet to come . . ."



New world headquarters building in Evanston is in use for the first time this year. Rotary International is headed by Herbert J. Taylor, at right.

design by Susan Karstrom

BIRTH OF A LA

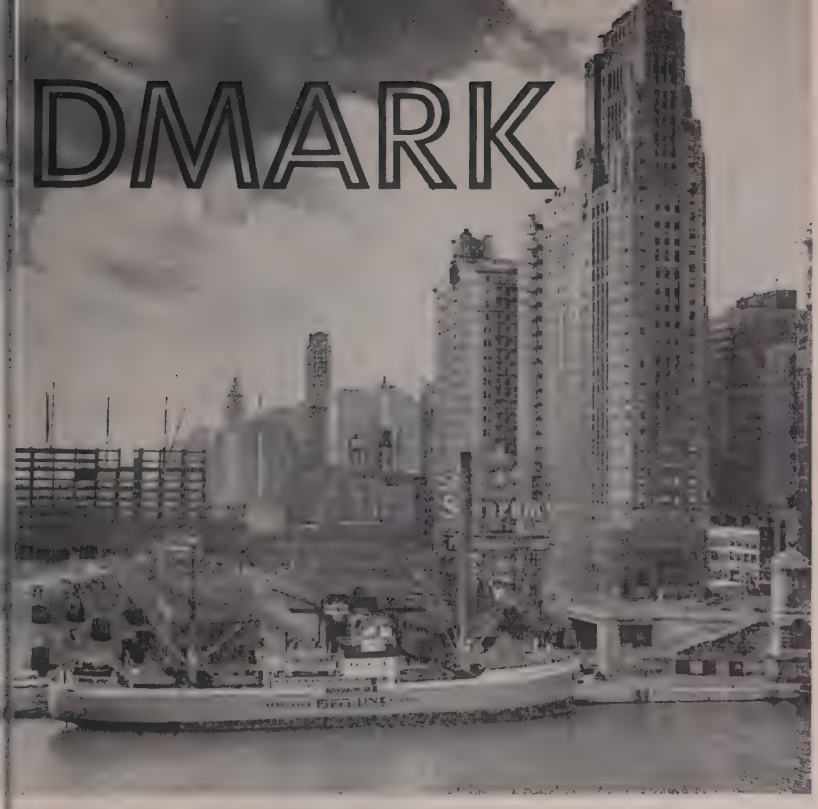


When a skyscraper is built, it is necessary to go down before going up. Sandhogs who dug the 253 foundation caissons for the Prudential building were nearly 102 feet below the surface when they reached bedrock — the same shelf over which Niagara falls flows. Excavation began in August, 1952; in November, 1953, workmen were wrestling ten-ton girder base plates into position. The building will contain Prudential Insurance company's regional office for Illinois and Indiana.

September, the skeleton neared full height. w streets will surround it on three sides: west, louble-deck over Beaubien court; north, a via- ct extension of Lake street, and east, Stetson enue, a one-block street to be named for gene W. Stetson, an I.C. executive.

Prudential will occupy floors 4-9, 30 per cent of the space, leaving more than a million square feet for rent. Other office buildings in comparison: Field bldg., 45 floors and a million sq. ft. of office space; Kemper Insurance bldg., 750,000 sq. ft. on 44 floors; Board of Trade bldg., 600,000 sq. ft. on 43 floors.

DMARK



...en the steel skeleton was an appreciable bulk in the skyline, ...er white granite for facing at street level arrived from Norway ... ship in foreground. From second floor up, facing is Indiana ...estone with aluminum window panels. Cost of the skyscraper, ... first to be built here in more than two decades, is expected ...be more than 40 million dollars.

Half-way point to 41st floor was passed ... summer. Concurrent construction of Grant p... garage made the neighborhood a sidew... superintendent's heaven. Foundation strad... Illinois Central and Michigan Central railroa... from which air rights were purchased.

...November, structure was topped-off with great ...lo. Height of the building is 601 feet above its ...e and 566 above Randolph. WGN-TV antenna on ...f will go up 324 feet more. Board of Trade build... measures 605 feet from the street to the top of ...½-foot statue of Ceres.

Prudential building will look like this in down-town surroundings when it is finished next year. Company expects to start moving in this spring. Top floor will contain an observatory and a restaurant. To preserve the view, Prudential has purchased additional air rights to the east.

Picture credits, left t... right, 1st row: Chicag... Tribune (2); United Pres... (2); Al Howard. 2n... row: Al Howard; U.P.... Joseph Zack, Chicag... Daily News; Chicago Ar... chitectural Photo. Co.

DANCERS

...an expor

Above: Eric Braun in outlandish garb and rag-mop wig of Til Eulenspiegel, a legendary imp. Right: Ruth Ann Koesun, Braun's wife, rides high in his grasp at a company rehearsal.

A Berwyn butcher's son and the daughter of Chinatown's doctor are among eleven Chicagoans appearing with Ballet Theater at the Opera House

# of distinction

Boyish exuberance typifies John Kriza's dancing in many of his roles.

by Bruce Williams

In the 15th anniversary program book of Ballet Theater, the directors express particular gratitude to two men who have been with the company thruout its history. One of them, they say, has been aptly named "Mr. Ballet Theater in person."

The target of this singular praise is John Kriza, son of a Berwyn butcher shop owner. If Kriza's employers are grateful, by extension, to the suburb that produced him, then they must be aglow with warm feelings for the metropolitan area as a whole. For no fewer than eleven of the 40 dancers appearing with Ballet Theater at the Opera House February 27 thru March 5 are Chicagoans by birth, training or present off-season residence.

Ballet Theater, like other troupes of strolling players, makes a big thing out of billing. Its performers are carefully grouped into echelons, with the stars at the top, then the featured performers, the soloists and the corps de ballet—each group having its own internal hierarchy. Kriza has been sharing the highest category with Igor Youskevitch, Alicia Alonso and Nora Kaye. The first spot in the next group is occupied by Ruth Ann Koesun, whose father is *the* doctor in Chinatown. She is immediately followed by Eric Braun, a native of Vienna who has lived here since his marriage in 1947 to a local girl — Miss Koesun.

Among its eight soloists the company lists Barbara Lloyd, who was born here but trained in California. The corps de ballet includes Vernon Wendorf, Joan Eaman, George Tomal, June Stern, Charles Bennett, Audre Deckmann and Darrell Notara — all natives but Wendorf, who got his professional schooling here. Edward Caton, ballet master for the troupe, rates this his professional home, having begun his career with the Chicago Opera company in the days of Mary Garden. Local influence also extends to scenic and costume design; the decor for the psychological ballet *Undertow* is by Raymond Breinin, one of this city's most highly regarded painters.

The local bloc in Ballet Theater would be even more disproportionate but for the recent departures of a half-dozen other dancers. Four girls — Barbara Atkins, Margaret Watson, Marilyn Oden and Sally Gura — left the company during the past year for various reasons, chiefly romantic. Barbara Steele was not long gone from Ballet Theater when she appeared as leading dancer of the Lyric Theater's opera season in November. Male dancer Kelly Brown went to Hollywood to appear in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* and decided to stay there.

John Kriza, as one of the first native Americans to become a top male ballet dancer, is probably the best known citizen Berwyn has spawned. And it's fitting that his ancestry is Czech, the dominant national strain in that southwest suburb.

The Kriza meat market, which does well enough without John, attains an incongruous glamor when the ballet hiatuses before Christmas and Easter bring him home. He is not at all averse to lending a hand behind the cold cuts counter when business gets brisk, and sometimes the rush is abetted by an influx of ballet-loving high school girls who have learned the identity of the handsome clerk. Sales slips issued by Kriza have become collectors' items among the teen-age set as recent years have brought a broadening popular acceptance of what was once an esoteric art form.

The simplicity of Kriza's vacation pursuits goes beyond sausage merchandising. He owns a 75-acre dairy farm near Cloverdale in western Cook county, where corn, oats and hay are cultured for the benefit of 20 Holstein cows, none of which is named after a ballerina.

Kriza began taking tap dancing lessons from Berwyn teacher Mildred Prchal at the age of 7. A guest teacher in the school was Bentley Stone, premier danseur of the Chicago Opera ballet, who later taught the boy and supervised his first professional appearance with the local Page-Stone ballet. After that young Kriza joined the American Ballet Caravan, a small company active between 1936 and 1939 under George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein, who now head the New York City ballet.

After a tour of South America with the Caravan, Kriza landed in New York and immediately tried three auditions. Two were for Broadway

musicals and the other was for an organization called Ballet Theater, which was attempting the unprecedented feat of forming a full-scale native dance company. All three auditions were successful, and Kriza decided to join Ballet Theater. He was in the corps de ballet for its first performance on January 11, 1940.

Kriza is one of the quickest learners in ballet, and he advanced fast in the new company. Within a few seasons he had become known as an outstanding interpreter of modern ballet roles requiring substantial acting, as well as dancing ability.

The boyish movement Kriza excels in was exemplified in *Fancy Free*, the brash ballet chronicling the romantic depredations of three sailors ashore, and brought to further focus in the Western frolic, *Rodeo*. For a time it appeared that his obvious aptitude for such roles might hinder his development along other lines, but soon he began to display increasing range and depth. There were inklings of this new scope in his work in *Facsimile*, a tense psychological piece, and as the gentle pastor in *Fall River Legend*, the dance version of the Lizzie Borden capers. There is dramatic maturity in Kriza's tragically swaggering Billy the Kid, biting satire in his tango in *Circe de Espana* and passionate decadence in his young man in *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit*. His Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire* this season offers further opportunity for development along these lines.

Altho he does not match Youskevitch as a classical dancer, Kriza is considered a good performer of traditional roles. His partnering is better than his solo variations, in which the technique can't always be called flawless. He plays another important part in the presentation of classical ballets, one which is little known outside the company. Kriza has a thoro knowledge of classical repertoire, especially the cues and formations of the corps de ballet, which are often more intricate than the solo parts. Many a new girl in the company finds invaluable his skipping from wing to wing telling her where to go and what to do in *Les Sylphides, Giselle* or *Swan Lake*.

Again, one disastrous week when viruses and fractures felled soloists and understudies, he took an unrehearsed new boy thru a principal part in *Fancy Free*, leading him all the way with *sotto voce* directions as he romped gaily thru his own role.

CHINESE-VIENNESE alliances run in the family of Ruth Ann Koesun, whose mother was born in Philadelphia of Austrian parentage. Her father, Dr. Paul Koesun, has long ministered to the medical needs of his fellow Chinese in the compact community around Cermak and Wentworth, where Mr. and Mrs. Eric Braun also live in the off-season.

Miss Koesun made her stage debut in 1933 as a child performer in a Chinese pageant. She studied ballet with Edna McRae, Edna Lucile Baum, Bentley Stone and Walter Camryn, acquiring recital experience with the Eloise Moore dancers and with Ruth Page. From the start she was singled out as a special talent not only by dance people but by relatives and friends in the neighborhood. When a tutu was seen whisking into the Koesun car, people would call to find out where Ruth Ann was dancing and go see her.

The Eurasian beauty joined Ballet Theater in 1946. Her chief aesthetic assets are delicate grace and a dramatic presence that doesn't get out of hand. If bravura is not in her line, neither does she look faulty. There's a neatness and an ease about her work. In *Les Sylphides* she is especially well cast, and she is the young beloved in such ballets as *Billy the Kid* and *Til Eulenspiegel*. *Graduation Ball* finds her a rollicking juvenile, and child-like poignancy gives special impact to her roles in *Fall River Legend* and *On Stage*.

Eric Braun began to show unusual dancing talent at the age of 10, when he received a scholarship at the Vienna Opera House. After coming to this country he studied in California with Bronislava Nijinska, the great Russian choreographer. He was an army ski trooper in World War II and joined Ballet Theater in 1945.

At first he displayed many of the special characteristics of classical European dancers. He seemed too dignified and restrained for such ballets as *Fancy Free*. Recently, however, his style has changed and he has acquired an easy exuberance, a gaiety of movement that some critics abroad call American athleticism. He has exceptional elevation. Appearing in *La Fille Mal Gardee* here last season, he brought a gasp from the audience at his first entrance by leaping out of the wings and landing somewhere around the middle of the wide stage. Other ballets in which his work is outstanding include *Peter and the Wolf, Bluebird* and *Til Eulenspiegel*. He also conducts daily classes for the younger dancers when the company is on tour.

Like Kriza, Braun sometimes proves useful to the company in unexpected ways. In fact, they joined forces last season to bring off a coup that will not quickly be forgotten.

Ballet Theater tours consist not only of extended runs in the big cities, but also of many one-night stands in small

During off-season, Kriza finds plenty of exercise to keep him fit on his dairy farm in western Cook county. Pigtails lend a pixie air to Barbara Lloyd, who is frequently cast in roles requiring the talents of a comedienne as well as a dancer.

As a youngster, Barbara Atkins, left, merited a special category in dance scholarship competitions. Center and right: Miss Koesun and Braun took these pictures of each other at domestic chores.

towns. Often the company will barely have time to get set up, give one performance and then take off for the next stand. On this occasion the troupe had just completed a one-nighter in Ruston, Louisiana, and made its way to Winnfield in the same state to catch a train to Pensacola, Florida. Winnfield, the birthplace of Huey Long, is the home of some 5,000 people, no all-night delicatessens and limited nocturnal recreation facilities.

Ballet Theater arrived there starving, with an hour to kill and nothing to do. Braun and Kriza solved the problem by seeking out the town supermarket-keeper, waking him up and persuading him to open the store. He sold snack staples to 60 people, who promptly organized a weiner and marshmallow roast along the railroad tracks. The local sheriff spotted the fires, came down to arrest the trespassers, and remained to sympathize and share the feast.

Mr. and Mrs. Braun began their permanent *pas de deux* in 1947, a year after they met in Ballet Theater. They are cast together in many of company's standard works, including *Interplay, Pillar of Fire, Rodeo* and *Graduation Ball.* During the off-season last summer, they stopped the show at the Fox Valley Playhouse in St. Charles with their dancing in *Sweethearts.*

Altho their spare time is limited, the Brauns are dedicated hobbyists. Miss Koesun collects dolls of all nations and pets of various kinds, including a vast boxer, a colony of tropical birds, and cats. She also likes to draw and sew. She does all the mending of shoes, socks and practice tights for herself and her husband. He is an ecumenical athlete and sports fan who plays golf and tennis, bowls, races his own MG at sports car tracks and watches hockey games. He is also a photographer of some skill and has recently been instructing his wife in that art. Altho Miss Koesun is *chef de cuisine* of the household, she has delegated to her husband preparation of salad dressings and the breakfast eggs.

When the Brauns dance *Graduation Ball,* they are supplemented by Barbara Lloyd, one of the best technicians in Ballet Theater and an accomplished comedienne. Like Miss Koesun, she is a little girl. She was even littler when she began dancing on the West Coast at the age of 3. Thirteen years later, in 1947, she joined the Original Ballet Russe abroad, making her debut in London in *Graduation Ball.* She was quickly raised to soloist status and remained in Europe with the troupe until 1949, when she joined Ballet Theater. Miss Lloyd is married to Erik Kessler, librarian and violinist of the company's orchestra.

One of the most promising Chicagoans to sign up with Ballet Theater was Barbara Atkins, who dropped out last fall to be married. She was one of those youngsters who showed talent from her earliest lessons. At the age of 9 she ran away with a scholarship contest at the Edna McRae school. She kept winning the annual competition so consistently that Miss McRae created a special category for her so other contestants would not be discouraged. Barbara attended Senn high school, where she was an outstanding student. Right after graduation she went to New York, auditioned for three ballet companies and was given the nod by all of them at the age of 17. She chose to go with Ballet Theater. During her first week with the company she was given a difficult solo part, the pirouette competition in *Graduation Ball.*

Miss Atkins' entire first season with the troupe was auspicious and when Ballet Theater went to Europe she had great expectations. She danced in Italy and in Paris, where she also studied with the famed teacher, Olga Preobrajenska. When the company got to Lausanne, she went on a shopping errand just before the opening performance. As she was crossing a square a truck ran into her and she spent several months in the hospital mending a broken thigh bone.

Barbara returned to West Rogers Park to convalesce. For the first time in her life she had the leisure to indulge in the normal activities of a young girl. She went to Northwestern university and began having dates. Among the young men she met was one who had been carrying around in his wallet a newspaper picture of a girl he thought quite attractive. It was a shot of Miss Atkins published at the

Big 10 on WGN

Music on records today provides a major part of radio programming. And with hundreds of new recordings released each week, the job of screening and selecting tunes listeners want to hear poses a problem.

A year ago last January WGN, programming about 12 hours of recorded music daily, hit on the idea of enlisting the services of its listeners to pick "Your Big 10 on WGN," a program idea which today supplies a major share of the "M" element in the stations Music-News-Sports formula.

Why the Big 10 is Big: It's big because it represents the records the listeners themselves want to hear and not necessarily what national music pollsters want them to hear.

Bruce Dennis, WGN program director

"The selections by our listeners usually run about three or four weeks ahead of the **Hit Parade**," notes Bruce Dennis, program director, "and provide a wealth of valuable program material. We also feel that our Big 10 is really closer to what people want to hear in the Midwest. And no tune is played more than once within any two-hour period."

Saxie Dowell, WGN platter pilot

It's as big as the Midwest because more than one million votes have been cast during the past year by WGN listeners in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan & Wisconsin.

Saxie Dowell: The unique idea of "Your Big 10 on WGN" is credited to Saxie Dowell, one of the stations 10 platter pilots who formerly was with the late Hal Kemp band for 15 years. The week's top 10 tunes are played on Dowell's 9:05 to 10 p.m. show each Monday.

WGN's other platter pilots, who participate in the weekly survey through their own shows, are Bill Albert, Buddy Black, Dick Coughlan, Bill Evans, "Daddy-O" Daylie, Jack Fuller, Jim Lounsbury, Jim Mills and Ernie Simon.

Throughout the Chicagoland area and nearby states, more than 400 music stores display WGN's Big 10 list each week. And an announcement on each week's record choices is mailed out to more than 300 persons, including record companies, music publishers, plus trade press and newspapers.

That's what makes "Your Big 10 on WGN" big.

WGN

720 on your radio

Entrance at 2317 Wentworth leads to offices of Miss Koesun's father, who has long been known as the doctor of Chinatown.

photograph by Robert Knille

time of her accident. The young man was attorney Neal Breskin, and they were married last September.

The wedding included a telling incident. It was a big affair in the grand ballroom of the Blackstone hotel. Attendants, relatives and the hotel staff were scurrying around in excitement. Not Barbara, who had gone thru dozens of opening nights. In her dressing room, like any ballerina before a performance, she held onto the edge of a chair and calmly went thru the usual warming-up barre exercises. Then, donning her bridal finery, she faced the throng with perfect poise.

A dancing school colleague of Barbara's who went to Ballet Theater a year later is South Sider June Stern. She made her professional debut in the *Adam to Atom* pageant at the Museum of Science and Industry, appeared in *Pal Joey* during its local run, then joined Ballet Theater in New York.

Musical comedy was also a stepping stone to the company for Joan Eaman, an Edgewater girl who was a soloist in *New Faces* before Ballet Theater. She was known in local dance circles as an outstanding member of the Stone-Camryn ballet. Slight and delicate, she flavors her dancing with just a bit of tartness. Audre Deckmann, who has just joined Ballet Theater, is Miss Eaman's cousin.

Charles Bennett and Darrell Notara are both alumni of the Stone-Camryn ballet. Bennett, who is from Wheaton, is considered a good candidate for development as a classical dancer. Notara did leading parts with Music theater in Highland Park and was in the Broadway production of *Seventeen*. This is his first season with Ballet Theater, and his chores include the square dance calling in *Rodeo*. Vernon Wendorf, now in his third season with the company, was born in Sparta, Wisconsin, but studied here with Gladys Hight. George Tomal was with Mata and Hari, a satirical dance team, and with Roland Petit's French ballet before signing with Ballet Theater.

Altho he is now chiefly a teacher, Edward Caton still appears occasionally in travesty and character roles. In the days of Insull opera here, he was a fabulous ballet technician. Born in Moscow of Ohio pioneer stock, he found that his casual references to his father and the grand duke were taken with raised eyebrows until *Time* magazine told the full story in its obituary of the elder Caton, an expert show horse trainer whose talents were engaged for a time by the Russian nobility. A temperamental performer in his youth, Edward mellowed with the years to become a stable pillar of Ballet Theater.

While Ballet Theater is the chief beneficiary of this city's prodigious production of dancers, it is not the only one. Young Alan Howard has become one of the leading performers in the reorganized Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which also lists Glen Olson of Chicago. Last season's abbreviated company had Samuel Allison jr., whose father is a local nuclear physicist.

Ballet mistress of the New York City company is Vida Brown of Oak Park, and the company includes Dido Sayers, daughter of Lionel Sayers, librarian of the Chicago Symphony orchestra.

The Lyric Theater, which so auspiciously revived Chicago opera last year, sees organization of a full-scale local ballet company as a logical development of its not-too-distant future. When that step is taken under these or other auspices, there should be no shortage of raw material.

The Car-Towing Racket

by Bernard Asbel

Here CHICAGO achieves one of its more cantankerous ambitions: to inaugurate a department devoted to diatribe, satire, polemic and debate.

Writers, it appears from a retrospect of available manuscripts, get more timid daily, and public opinion grows more cautious. This is doubly unfortunate, as things are simultaneously getting worse all over. Probably there still are people around with enough courage to be publicly angry, if only they have a soapbox. Professional writers have lost their nerve. But has everybody else?

Here's the soapbox. This department is open to, and invites, contributions from all those who are moved to protest against whatever is fraud or folly in the life of the metropolis. Those who remember the role of O'Leary's cow will appreciate the latitude we offer every honest rage.

She set the city on fire.

One morning early this winter I awoke and looked out the window into Drexel boulevard. The previous night's snow still shrouded the streets. I was pouting at the prospect of rocking the car out of the slush, when suddenly I blinked. The car was not there. My mind quickly retraced last night's homecoming. I'd parked it right there. Now it was gone.

I yanked on trousers and overcoat. As I swung open the front door, the morning paper rolled out before me. The headline announced: "TOW AWAY 100 CARS IN SNOW VIOLATIONS."

I called the park district police to check for sure that my car was one of them.

"Where do you live?" the sergeant asked.

"Drexel boulevard right near . . ."

"We got it."

In the course of the next few hours this citizen, guilty of defying a parking ordinance, was brought to justice. The due process began when I asked:

"What is the fine?"

"We didn't tag most of them cars," the sergeant said. "Just the towing charge. 'Cording to the snow parking law, the car gets towed away at the owner's expense so the snow plows can get thru."

"How much is that?"

"We don't know nothing about the towing charge. It's all handled by a private company."

"Who's got the car now?"

"The Giant Auto Construction Works, 7604 south Halsted. But you got to come here and get a release first."

"Don't you know how much they charge?"

"I told you we've got nothing to do with the charges. But I think it's $9.27. Then there's extra if the owner don't pick it up pretty quick."

I swallowed and asked:

"Who sets those charges?"

"Who is this, anyhow?"

I gave my name and address and said I was a reporter.

After a pause the sergeant said, "Just a minute."

A slightly deeper and more refined voice came on and identified itself as that of Captain Fossier. He advised calling park district headquarters. He started to name a sergeant there and then he changed his mind. "Ask for Captain Fleming," he suggested.

"Who," I asked when I reached Captain Fleming, "sets the towing charge of $9.27?"

"That's governed by the park district. We don't let these towing companies get out of hand."

"What ordinance," I asked, "determines the charge?"

"The snow parking law. You know, one inch of snowfall, no overnight parking, any street with public transportation."

"Yes," I obliged. "And that ordinance sets the charge."

"Well, the charge isn't really set by the ordinance. It's a matter of, you could call it, policy. We have contracts with each company."

"How many companies?"

"Three. Down where you are it's Giant. Up north it's Edgecomb. Out west it's Sandra. We know that they're all good, legitimate operations. We set all that by contract."

"Then the contract sets the charge?"

"You're missing the point," the captain said. "The charge is not important. The important thing is getting snow removed."

Then he said I could probably find out about the authorization for the charge by calling Mr. Nicholson in the finance and property department. Mr. Nicholson was away from his desk. His secretary, after listening to the problem, said that Captain Keleher was the man to call. She switched the call to his extension. Captain Keleher was out. Another voice doubted that he was the man and switched the call to the legal department. A lady in the legal department confirmed that Captain Keleher was the man who would know.

"What is his title?" I asked.

"He's the head man downstairs at the police training school."

"Would the head of the training school know who set the charge?"

"You see, Captain Keleher is a lawyer," assured the lady in the legal department. "He knows about those things."

Giving up this line of pursuit, I set out (in a neighbor's car) for the park district police station near 57th and Cottage Grove to get my car back.

A sergeant there made some entries in a book and handed me a yellow slip. "Go to 7604 south Halsted street. This is your release."

"Suppose I question the amount of the towing charge. Does this release mean I can take my car now and argue later with the towing company?"

The sergeant leered clamly over his glasses. "If you want to talk like that, why don't you get a lawyer first?"

"Does this release my car if I think that company charges too much?"

"Get a lawyer," the sergeant repeated and he walked away.

At 7604 south Halsted a crayoned sign read: "Use other door." The other door was locked, but the one bearing the sign was open.

Inside, I identified myself and asked to see the person in charge. I was introduced to Stanley Edwards, a fat-faced man with horn-rim glasses and an extra day's growth of whiskers. "Been up all night and all day today. It's been terrible. Anything you want

to write, I'll be glad to cooperate. We're like an open book here. We towed between a hunnert and hunnafifty cars, I guess. Most all were on Drexel because we selected that street as most offensive."

"Then you grossed," I estimated aloud, "between $1,000 and $1,500 for six hours' work last night. How many trucks do you own?"

"Four. But wait. I had to rent extra trucks from different gas stations and all."

"How many trucks did the job altogether?"

"Well," he drawled, "it might have been ten. "I'm not exactly sure. Yeah, I'll tell you how the rate's set. It's set by common sense. We figure nobody's got a legitimate beef. Sometimes we get cars overturned. Sometimes we get them even wrapped around poles. We treat them exactly equal with you fellows. Same charge. Do they ever beef? Oh, you should hear them. When you come down to it, if somebody took my car away in the middle of the night when I was sleeping, I'd kill him."

He laughed at his joke, then quickly switched the conversation to a very serious channel.

"We have to enforce the law. So many people get maimed up for life. They get killed. Little children. Mothers. We have to enforce the law. You know, we lose money sometimes. We get a soldier in here. He's on furlough. He's on crutches. Just come back from Korea. No money. You can't only use your head. You got to use your heart. We give him his car. A man comes in here. He's got, say, nine kids. They're home crying, hungry for food. Your heart goes out to a guy like that. We give him his damn car. You expect me to take food off the table in front of those kids?

"I had one guy in here — you'd be surprised some of the types we get, repeaters, steady customers, heh, heh — this one guy was doing a little cheating on his wife. He calls me up, his car was towed away in front of a South Side hotel. He's a state policeman. I know the guy. He says he hasn't got a penny in his pocket. If he goes home without his car, his wife will find out he was parked in front of that hotel and ask questions. 'Please,' he begs me, 'please.' Can I be a louse? You know what? Next week, same guy, same hotel, for all I know same — well, anyhow, he calls me up again with the same story. No money. This state policeman, you know, he's on the other side of the fence. He's a Republican. But I can't figure like that. I got to help out a guy in trouble."

I paid Edwards $10.50, of which $9.25 was for towing and $1.25 for storage.

"The deal with the park district says I can charge $9.27. I deal in round figures. It's easier." On the back of the receipt he marked an address, 1483 west 74th street, and directed me there.

"Isn't the car here?" I asked in genuine surprise.

"We got no room here to keep all them cars," Edwards answered. "That's our warehouse I marked down there."

The warehouse consisted of a long fence concealing a large yard. Hundreds of damaged cars, most of them shiny but with their faces pushed in, sat in melancholy rows. A stationary motor bus, in the center, presided over the yard. It bore a faded emblem of the CTA. I climbed up the rickety wooden stairs into the coach. The inside was bare except for a small oil stove facing a table which served as a stand-up desk. On the wall was a pay telephone. An elderly man in charge accepted the receipt and filled out another slip of paper. Then he switched off the yellow electric bulb and escorted me thru the snow in search of the car. Finally, we found it in the most distant corner of the lot. The car doors, which were locked the night before, were unlocked now.

"The police don't need keys," the watchman explained. "They can open any car on the street. Take your car and swing hard around that way. Watch you don't get stuck in the snow."

Less than a minute later, I climbed out of the car. The wheels had whirred but the car wouldn't budge. I stalked back to the bus. The watchman was busy with another lawbreaker. I shoved a dime into the phone and dialed the Giant Auto Construction works.

"Hello, Edwards?" I barked and identified myself again.

"Sure, my friend, what can I do for you? Just name it, friend."

"You can get my car out of here. It's stuck in the snow."

"It is? Oh, that's too bad. I'll take care of that right now." His voice stayed close on the phone as he radioed instructions to a tow truck. "Proceed there right away and that's a no charge, understand? Take care of this man; he's a good friend of mine."

"Never mind," I interrupted impatiently. "Give me the same treatment you give everybody else."

"No, listen, friend, any time you need any help, you need to get towed anywhere, you just call me personally, see. Any time. That's my two-way radio you heard there. You think it's all profit running this business? I got to keep up my own radio station."

I began my wait. Presently, a tow truck plodded into the snowy yard dragging an automobile. After it bedded down its cargo, I asked the driver if he had received a call for a shove.

"Might have," the driver conceded. I pointed out my car. The driver assessed the terrain and said, "I'll get stuck there myself. I better winch it out from here." The distance to the car was about half a block.

"What's it cost when a car gets stuck in the yard?"

"They told me no charge for you," said the driver.

"Suppose another car was stuck, not a friend of the boss. What's the regular charge for getting out of here?"

The winch unreeled tediously. The driver bent over to straighten the slack in the cable. Then he said, "We gen'ly can't take time to bother with them."

In about 15 minutes I was behind the wheel, sloshing the car into 74th street. For the first time I noticed that there was, indeed, no ticket under the windshield wiper. Society demanded no retribution for my lawlessness, so long as I squared myself with the towing company.

If I went home harboring any doubts about the wisdom of municipal policy, they were confirmed by a story in the afternoon papers. It revealed that the park district and the CTA had got their signals crossed, with the result that there had been no snow removal on Drexel boulevard.

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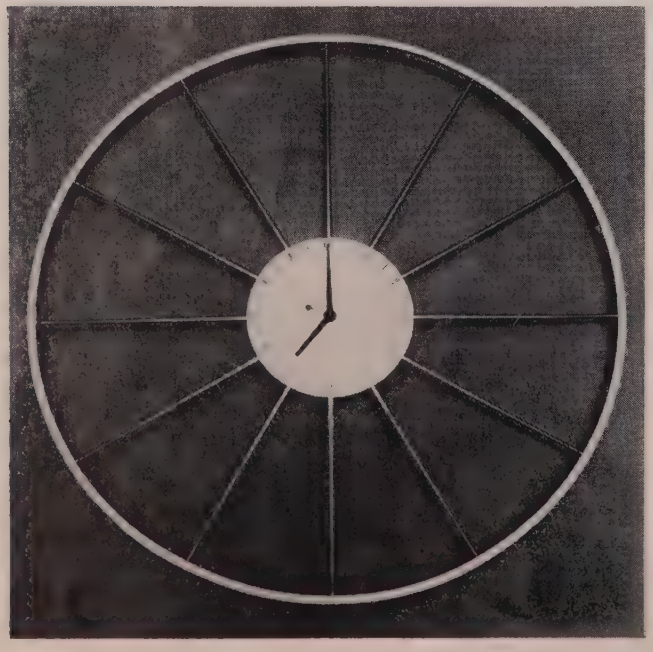
IN & OUT OF THE HOUSE

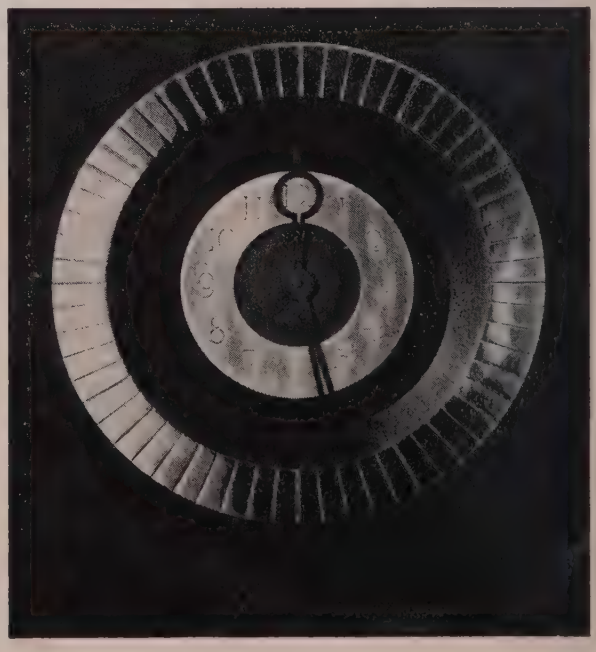
by Don J. Anderson

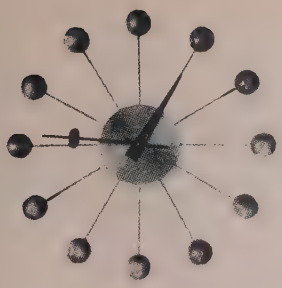
time in space

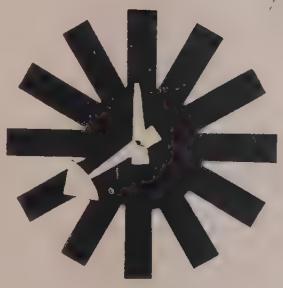
Since the day of the sun dial and hour glass, timepieces have been among the most fascinating accessories of civilized life. Designers of each age have lavished on clocks some of their most imaginative expressions. Today, when furniture, fabrics, lamps and almost all useful and ornamental objects for the home have felt the re-forming hand of the contemporary designer, there emerges a new variety of clocks.

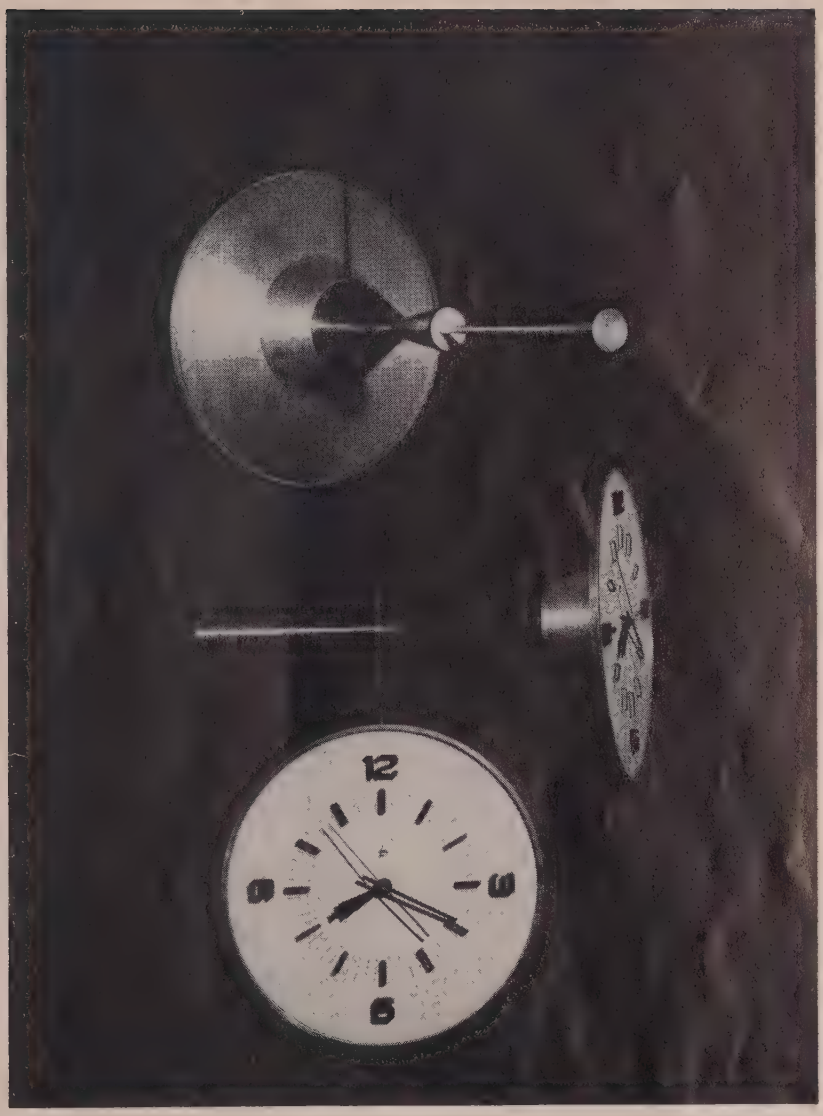
On this page are three from the designs of Everett Brown. "The Berkeley," above, is a 12-inch hanging ball, virtually the clock of the hour, which nevertheless tastefully combines with traditional decor because of its elegant face. Below, left, is "The Big Wheel," polished brass; at right, "Nocturne," black and brass. These three clocks retail at about $150 each, and may be purchased thru a number of local decorators.



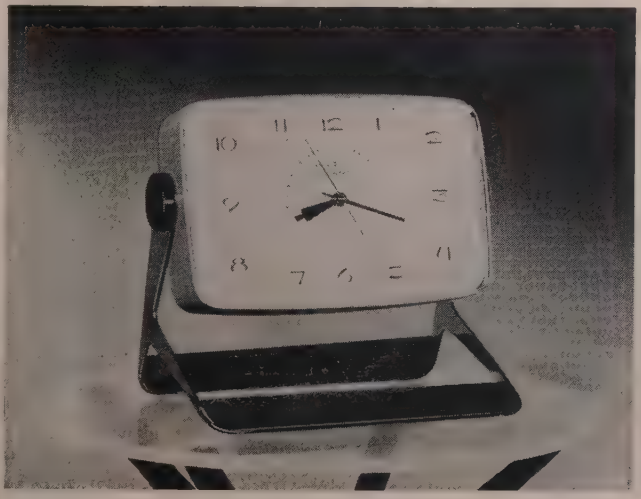








Plexiglass and other recent materials combine in the new clocks with wood, metal and glass. The three just above are from the Howard Miller collection, designed by George Nelson. The famous ball clock on top was the first of the group and has proved exceptionally popular. Prices and diameters of these time-pieces are, top to bottom: $30, 14 inches; $30, twelve inches; $22.50, ten inches.



Upper right is one clock seen in three views. This free-hanging piece is a new Telechron design called "Innovation." It depends from the ceiling by a long cord, and because it is actually a mobile it has some interesting decorating possibilities. Made of spun aluminum and hand rubbed walnut, it is 14 inches deep with a ten-inch face, sells for $50.

Harbinger clock at left, which has just been unveiled by General Electric but is not yet on sale, is an electric appliance without an electrical connection. It operates entirely on electrical impulses of the air. This clock had a sensational debut, and has caused some speculation on the future of appliances in general.

GOING UP

A NEW HIGH POINT on the Chicago skyline soon will be the flasher aircraft beacon atop WGN-TV's new antenna, which will be installed sometime this month on the Prudential Life Insurance Company's new 41-story Mid-America office building, the first skyscraper built here since 1934.

Frank P. Schreiber, manager and treasurer, WGN, Inc.

The 75-foot, 12-bay antenna will be supported by a 311-foot tubular steel tower based on the 39th floor, towering 914 feet above ground level.

New Windy City Landmark: "We believe that WGN-TV's antenna and giant tower will become as famous a landmark to visitors as the historic Water Tower," said Frank P. Schreiber, manager and treasurer of WGN, Inc. "The latter is symbolic of Chicago's early pioneer days, while this new structure will stand as a symbol of electronic progress."

Carl J. Meyers, director of engineering, WGN, Inc.

This 200-ton tubular steel tower is the first of its kind ever constructed, notes Carl J. Meyers, director of engineering for WGN, Inc. The mast is made up of 22 sections and will be able to withstand a hurricane of 150 miles an hour. Other masts are made of fabricated structural shapes, rather than tubular steel sections.

TV Equipment: By October 1, Meyers said, a new 50,000-watt RCA transmitter, equipped to transmit the latest developments in all phases of color, as well as black and white, simultaneously, is to be installed at a cost of $300,000.

The transmitter will be installed on the 40th floor, where WGN-TV has an exclusive 10-year lease for 3,500 square feet of space to house engineering workshops, special color studio, 16mm color projection and slide equipment, and a high-speed, electronic color film developer.

Installation of the new transmitter will increase WGN-TV's effective radiated power from 120 to 316 kilowatts, maximum power authorized by the Federal Communications Commission for VHF stations.

What's It All Mean?: That WGN-TV, always seeking new and better ways to serve the public throughout the vast Chicago area, now can promise in the near future improved reception on Channel 9 within a 65-mile radius.

As We Were

75 YEARS AGO: In March, 1880, a fire destroyed the three-story building at 35-41 east Ohio housing the Goodwillie and Goodwillie box manufactory and planing mill . . . Alderman Barrett asked at a city council meeting that $15,000 be appropriated to give **Goose Island** its first street lights. He said he didn't care whether they burned gas or oil, just so they were installed. Alderman Rawleigh moved that goose oil be used. Alderman Barrett proposed that Alderman Rawleigh **render himself** for the good of the people and furnish the oil . . . The board of education debated whether or not to have German taught in three grade schools where parents had petitioned for it.

50 YEARS AGO: Sheriff's police were vexed in March, 1905, by the Chicago Turf Exchange, a handbook set up in the southeast corner of Du Page county on wheels so it could be rolled into either Cook or Will county in case of a raid. The place was further protected by a double stockade with vicious dogs running between . . . **Enrico Caruso** appeared with the Metropolitan Opera company at the Auditorium and received critical raves for his performance in "I Pagliacci" . . . The voice of Judge Edward F. Dunne, Democratic candidate for mayor, failed in mid-campaign. **Clarence Darrow** came to Dunne's succor by filling several speaking engagements in his stead.

25 YEARS AGO: John "Dingbat" Oberta, the playboy of stock yards hoodlum circles, and his mislabeled bodyguard, were taken for a lethal ride in March, 1930 . . . Financial circles here and in New York were stirred by rumors that Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck planned to merge . . . The **heaviest snowfall** on record, 18.6 inches, buried the city, with drifts higher than most people's heads . . . Phillips beat Morgan Park, 20 to 19, at White City to win the public high school basketball championship. De la Salle defeated Loyola for the Catholic title. **Northwestern** finished sixth in the Big Ten and the University of Chicago was ninth.

THE ACCIDENT

a story by Mike Root

It was a late, sleepy hour of a warm autumn evening. The old man stepped off the curb. There was a screeching of tire on the pavement, a voice crying out, an instant of heavy silence, and then the commotion of excited voices running to the scene of the accident. By the time the knot of onlookers collected at the place, two young men — the occupants of the accident car — were helping the old man to his feet.

"What happened?" cried several voices as they approached.

"Someone was hit by a car."

"Is he bad?"

"I saw it," a middle-aged man announced. He jostled his way thru the crowd. "I'm going to call the police. Don't move the man. He might be serious."

"I'm not serious," the old man said. He spoke with an accent. "Please, please, don't bodder wit' the police. I'm all right."

The man didn't hear the old man's protests. He rushed to a tavern near the intersection. In a minute or two he was back with a pad of paper and a pencil. He pushed thru the crowd authoritatively.

"Give the man some air," he blustered. He confronted the principals for information. The old man was leaning against the lamp post, a figure of dejection. "The police will be here soon. Just relax. How do you feel, dad?"

"Please let me go home."

"What's your name, dad?"

"Borowicz."

"That's B-O-R-V . . ." the interrogator labored with the spelling.

"W," he corrected. "B-O-R-O-W . . ."

"What comes after "W?"

The old man sighed ruefully. "Please, mister. Please. T'ank you for your attentions. Dat's nice of you. Now let me go home."

"B-O-R-O-W?"

"I-C-Z," the old man finished in defeat.

"And what's your address?"

It was futile to resist the inquisitor. Having got the information he desired from the victim, the man turned to the driver of the car, who appeared stunned and apprehensive.

"Honest, mister, I haven't had an accident in my life," he said abjectly. "I didn't see the man. I wasn't doing 20."

"Well, I don't know. The man had the light when he started 'cross the street."

"No, he didn't. I had the light when I began to make a left turn, and before I knew it, he was in front of the car. I don't even think I hit him. Maybe I did; I don't know."

"The old man had the green light," one spectator objected.

"Ah, you didn't see it," a female voice badgered familiarly.

"I was just coming out of the tavern when it happened."

"And you could see?" she said, facetiously.

Some of the onlookers laughed. The woman was pleased that her wit was appreciated.

"Aw, come on now, Margie," the spectator bellowed thickly. "You know I don't hardly touch the stuff."

"You say you saw it happen?" the interrogator asked him.

"I was just coming out of the tavern. I saw the whole thing." His name and address were duly recorded.

"I had the light," the driver said helplessly.

The crowd grew larger and more boisterous. Many of them went up to the old man and asked him if he was hurt. To many he made no reply. To others he merely shook his head. The interrogator's solicitations annoyed the old man.

"Why are you doing all dis?" he pleaded.

"Believe me, Mr. Borowicz. I only got your interest at heart."

"You're only making trouble for dat young man." He indicated the driver with a gesture of his head.

"He's got nothing to worry about. He's insured."

"I don't care if he's insured. It's trouble. If you did not call the police, I would be home now where I belong. I don't feel so good."

"Have a little patience, dad. The police will take you to the hospital for a check-up."

"The hospital! What for the hospital?" His lips quivered with emotion. The old man was aghast; his small frame seemed to contract.

"If there's nothing wrong with you, the doctor will put your mind at ease. The police will insist on it."

"Here comes the cops!" somebody called out.

"It's about time," another commented.

"Hey, Frankie! Yuh better disappear; the cops are comin'."

"I wouldn't talk if I was you."

The badinage provoked guffaws and elicited more of the same banter.

"Aw right. Break it up. Break it up," the policemen ordered as they stepped out of the car, "Where's the injured party?"

Instead of dispersing, the crowd knit tighter around the old man.

"C'mon. C'mon." The officers shoved some of the spectators aside. "Git out of the way."

"Here's the injured party, officer," said the interrogator. "And these men were in the car."

"How are you, pop?" an officer asked the old man.

"Let me go home, please, officer. I'm nervous, very nervous."

"Honest, officer," stammered the driver. "I was making a left turn, and I had the light."

"We'll talk about that in short order." Turning to the other officer, he said, "Have 'em send out a car to take the driver in. We'll take the old man to St. Mark's."

"Why you have to take me to the hospital?" the old man asked. His voice was heavy with supplication.

"Just for a quick check, pop. There's nothing to it."

"I saw the whole thing, officer," broke in the interrogator.

The officer eyed him with obvious annoyance.

"So you're a witness," the officer said dryly.

"I saw what happened."

"What's your name?"

"John T. Williams. The old man was walking south, and . . ."

"Your address?"

He gave his address, and continued the account.

"The old man had the light, and this fella was . . ."

"We'll get in touch with you if we need you."

"I'm only trying to be helpful."

"This is a routine matter, mister," the officer explained dourly. "We've got your name and address. If we need information we'll get in touch with you."

"I'm not the only one who saw the old man had the light."

The policeman turned his back to the man, and spoke to his partner.

"We've got a joker here," he said acidly. Then he raised his voice, and began pushing back the crowd. "C'mon now; break it up. Whyn't ya go home? Whadaya think this is, a circus?"

The crowd moved back, but still it grew larger. More neighbors collected at the scene.

"What happened?" one asked, as he approached.

"The old man got hit by a car."

"Which car?"

"That Pontiac on the side there."

"It's a nice car. A fifty-t'ree, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Are they gonna take the old man to the hospital?"

"Yeah, they called another squad."

"What're they waitin' for? Can't they take the poor guy to St. Mark's? Jeez! They make him stand around like that. He might have internal injuries fer all we know."

"He seems to be all right."

"What seems ain't always the way it is. Boy! I'm tellin' you, those cops are never around when you need 'em."

The squad car soon arrived. The driver of the accident car and his companions got into it and rode away to the police station. The old man got into the first car and was rushed to the emergency room of St. Mark's hospital. The crowd scattered in every direction. John T. Williams went home with his information.

The old man was silent thru the examination, except for his terse replies to the doctor's questions.

"Do you have any pain, Mr. Borowicz?"

"A little pain in my back."

"What kind of a pain is it?"

The old man gave the doctor a dour look, as if to say, "What kind of a foolish question is that?"

"Just a little pain; it is nothing."

The tension was only now beginning to leave him. Where he had felt a sort of numbness in his chest, there was now a sharp throbbing.

"I have a pain here," he said, tapping his chest.

The doctor listened to the beating of the old man's heart. His face indicated nothing.

"Did you ever have pain in your chest before?"

The old man laughed impishly. The question amused him.

"Doctor, when a man has lived 75 years he has had pains all over. Sure, I have had pains in my chest before."

The doctor considered the patient a moment. He made a halting attempt at an explanation. "Mr. Borowicz, not all pain is normal for old people. If it can be helped it is not normal, even in old age."

"It can not be helped."

"Will you please cooperate?"

"I did not want to come here. I want to go home where I belong."

"Mr. Borowicz, you're a very difficult patient."

"All right, doctor. I will cooperate," the old man said contritely. "Can I get dressed now?"

The doctor nodded. The old man got off the examining table and dressed himself.

"Sit down," the doctor ordered firmly. "When were you last examined?"

"Long time ago."

"How long ago?"

"Very long ago. The doctor tol' me I had art'ritis and some udder t'ings."

"Did he tell you your heart was weak?"

"No, but I know just the same."

"How do you know?"

"I am 75 years old."

It was so simple, thought the old man. There was really nothing to understand. What makes certain things complicated is that you think of them at all. He could see by the doctor's face that he was being a difficult patient. The doctor was fixing to give him a needle. He wouldn't even ask why he was getting the needle, tho, heaven knows, he was curious. He would show the doctor he could be a good patient.

"Roll up your sleeve," the doctor ordered. "This will help you thru the night."

"Honest, doctor, I appreciate what you are doing for me." He rolled down his sleeve.

"Just wait. I'll call the police to take you home."

The old man wanted to object, but he was afraid he would annoy the doctor.

"They'll be here in a few minutes."

The old man sat staring at the floor, his hands folded between his knees. He felt the doctor's cold scrutinizing gaze on him.

"You know," the doctor began, "there are people that live well beyond 75."

"Yes, you are right."

"You have many more years to look forward to if you are careful, get lots of rest and sleep. And don't overexcite yourself."

"My only wish is not to be trouble to anyone. If I go today or in ten years, dat is not so important. I am lucky if I live dis long. I lived my life already."

"Old people can be stubborn," the doctor said abstractly, almost involuntarily.

"No one understands old age, doctor. The young people have not the experience to understand it, and the old people have not the . . . the . . . I don't know how you say it . . . the brains . . . the intelligence . . . to understand it."

"Well, Mr. Borowicz, I hope you have the good sense to take care of yourself."

"I will let God take care of me."

The doctor smiled, and going to the old man, put his hand on his shoulder.

"That's good enough," he said, "but help Him out a little."

The police came and spoke to the doctor a moment, something about an accident report. In a few minutes the old man was home. He slept a deep, drugged sleep.

THE NEXT MORNING he remembered the incident as in a blur. It was sort of a half dream. Lately that feeling of half dreaming, half living was more pervasive. He remembered the dreadful sound of the screaming automobile brakes. Then there were a lot of faceless people all about him, and a man asking him questions. He remembered the man with revulsion. Somehow, this man seemed the cause of the disquieting dream. He remembered wanting to get away from this man as from the devil himself. And there were police! That is what made it seem so unreal. He had never had anything to do with police. Finally there was the young, good doctor. He was most distinct in the old man's mind. There

was something the doctor had tried to tell him. The old man couldn't make out what it was, but it was something good, something comforting.

He sat in his room and didn't stir from his chair, even for breakfast. Thoughts raced thru his mind crazily, like a motion picture film completely out of sequence. Now he saw an incident in his youth; now some tragedy in his later years. There were tears of joy in his thoughts and tears of sorrow; moments of elation and moments of deep despair. No point in his past stood motionless for him to concentrate his thoughts on it. He had no idea how long he had been sitting that way when his landlady announced that there were two men to see him.

When he entered the living room, the two men stood up to shake his hand. He held his hand out duly, his eyes fixed on one of the men. He was familiar. It was the meddler! That was how the face struck him from the very beginning. The man, for some unaccountable reason, was meddling in his life. His nice words and wide grin seemed to be a mask. Underneath was something sinister and unholy.

"What do you want?" the old man asked huskily.

"Mr. Borowicz, I want you to meet a very good friend of mine. This is Mr. Martin. I think you'll be interested in what Mr. Martin has to say. By the way, how do you feel?"

"I feel fine. And why not?" Actually he felt dreadful. He was shaken with anger and hostility at the very sight of the meddler. He had pain again in his chest, and his heart seemed to be beating in his head.

"Sit down, Mr. Borowicz," Martin offered with synthetic softness. He led the man to a chair. "You mustn't excite yourself. You've had a frightening experience and I expect you're not exactly in the best frame of mind." Martin took out a cigar, and pulled off the wrapper. "Is it all right if I smoke?"

"What happened last night was not'ing, and he . . . he made it into something." The old man pointed to Williams. He spoke with a loathing that tasted bitter in his mouth.

"Believe me, Mr. Borowicz, my only thought was to be helpful. If I knew . . ."

"You know, Mr. Borowicz, and this is a fact," Martin cut in, "We can have injuries we don't even know about. Sometimes the injuries don't show up until later. You could have internal injuries or suffer from shock."

"Well, t'ank God dat did not happen to me."

"But how can you tell?" Before the old man could reply, Martin continued volubly. "You can't be sure. Anyone who has been hit by an automobile suffers some shock. Shock can be a serious thing. After all, we're not doctors, are we?

"Dere is nothing wrong with me," the old man sputtered.

"You're a sensible man, Mr. Borowicz," Martin said solicitously. "It's not right to take advantage of anyone. I would never be a party to cheap chiseling. I want to see that a man's rights are protected. It's *your* rights that I want to represent, don't you see that?"

"You're . . . a . . . lawyer?" He stared into Martin's face.

Martin cleared his throat uncomfortably. He squirmed a little, and affected a smile on his flushed, jowly face. "Yes. Mr. Borowicz. I think I can help you."

"No! No! No! No! Lawyers! Doctors! Courts! Troubles! I don't like such monkey business. Go and leave me in peace. Dat's all I want. I want to live in peace."

"Please, Mr. Borowicz," the lawyer begged. "Be reasonable. Be fair to yourself. I'm not asking a thing of you. Just leave everything in my hands."

The old man sat breathing hard. His mouth kept twitching nervously. Martin was talking:

"Usually, cases like this are not brought to court. You don't have to worry about that. There's really no trouble; none at all. I'm sure you can use a little extra money."

"I don't need money. A man like me don't need money."

"We all need money. It's sad, but then life isn't all a bed of roses. While we live and breathe, we all have needs, and some of those cost money. We don't live on bread alone, but we can't live without it."

"There is always enough to bury a man."

"Not decently. A decent burial costs money. I wish that wasn't so, but wishing won't change it."

"That sure is right," Williams agreed.

"I don't understand," the old man said vacantly. "Yesterday everyt'ing was the way it should be. I had not'ing, and I needed not'ing. Maybe for tobacco a little, and to pay the landlady a little. I did not bodder nobody, and nobody boddered me. Now you come and talk about money. Why? I ask you, for why? I fall down on the street. Dat's all."

"You were knocked down," Martin corrected.

The old man sprang to his feet flowering with irrepressible rage. "Please leave me. I am too tired to talk wit' you. It is no use."

Williams and Martin stood up, looking sheepishly at one another. The old man was glaring at them as tho he were ready to pounce on them. Martin took a card from his pocket and placed it on a lamp table. It was a futile, face-saving gesture.

"Mr. Borowicz," Martin said. He was anxious to leave this hysterical old man. "If you change your mind, call me. I left my card." When they bid the old man good day, he didn't reply. But when he heard the door slam, he cried venomously:

"Blood suckers!"

HE SPENT THE REMAINDER of the day brooding in his room. The landlady could not persuade him to take his meals. The day wore on, dusk descended, darkness filled the room, and still the old man sat there sunk in a bog of misery. He was oblivious of the hour until the landlady shook him to his senses by turning on the light.

"Are you going to sleep in that chair?" she prodded loudly. "My goodness! I had to see if you were alive or dead."

"And what did you see?"

The landlady looked into his face. She was dismayed by the lifelessness in his eyes and by the utter emptiness in his voice. It was like a record machine talking. Her bewilderment turned to temper.

"What is wrong with you?" she cried angrily. "Has the world come to an end? On my word, you make me nervous."

"Is it time to sleep?"

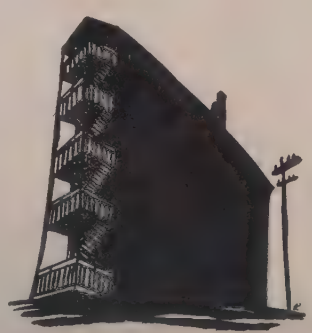
"It is time for you to wake up!"

The old man laughed a little mirthless laugh.

"I feel better," he said, "much better."

The landlady eyed him suspiciously. He seemed suddenly revived, as tho a weight had been lifted from him. He drank a cup of tea and went to bed.

He slept a deep, sound sleep until it was broken by a sharp pain in his chest. Then he was asleep again.



drawings by Claes Oldenburg

THIS IS

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

What happened at the Studebaker theater and elsewhere when the television show featured cab driver Eddie Hamilton

by Peter Bryan

TUESDAY, 11 A.M.: Got tip from NBC publicity department that the next night's *This Is Your Life* show would feature a Checker cab driver named Hamilton who gives his passengers newspapers, cigars and other accoutrements of first-class transportation. Decided to ride in his cab next day, perhaps ask him who he thought would be on show, possibly even indicate belief he would be it.

WEDNESDAY, 11:30 A.M.: Got further leak that NBC people had chartered cab for entire day in order to prevent press interviews, tipoffs or hailing of taxi by wag bound for Green Bay. Decided not to go to Green Bay, but have look at cab anyway.

12:30 P.M.: Called Checker cab company, asked how to contact driver named Hamilton. Lady giggled, asked, "What do you want with *him*." Said, "Talk." Call switched to office, then to garage, then to man known only as "Number Eight." (In reality Bruce Stanton, wealthy young socially conscious polo player who spends afternoons incognito dispatching cabs). Asked Number Eight about talking to Hamilton. Said he was working, couldn't be reached. Asked where he might be cruising. Number Eight said, "Probably catch him around the Stevens hotel now."

2:15: Arrived at Conrad Hilton hotel, circled same peering closely at Checker cabs around Balbo, Michigan and 8th street entrances. Looked like any other Checker cabs. Parked on Wabash near rear entrance to hotel. walked thru chilling wind to Balbo entrance and approached doorman. Asked him if he knew cab driver named Hamilton. He registered combined pity and disgust, said, "There's 2,000 cabs . . ." Told him this driver not like other 1,999, keeps shoe trees, nail clippers, etc., in cab. He brightened, said, "Oh, you mean 5000." Looked off down street, continued, "I see him about once a month." Turned around with knowing grin and said with finality, "He has his own clientele; I think he's got enough for the day to keep him going."

2:25: Went back to car and turned on engine to make heater function. Watched Checker cabs passing in each direction.

2:30: Cab number 5000 went by heading north without passengers. Put car in gear and noticed for first time that large truck prevented exit. Violated Second Commandment. Blew horn loudly several times. Finally skidded thru slush along curb enough to back out of space. Drove north on Wabash and found cab parked on east side of of street just beyond Balbo. Parked three spaces in front of it and strolled back, picture of casualness. Cab empty, "not for hire" sign in right front window. Copies of *Variety, Sun-Times, Esquire, Vogue* and *You Can*

Orchestra backstage is never seen by the audience.

Left: TV makeup is applied to Mrs. Hamilton. Above: Child is Briged O'Hare, 9, who was flown from Ireland for the show. Ralph Edwards is at left. Below: The signal for Hamilton's cab to pull up to theater front, where camera waits.

Change the World hanging on back of front seat. Twenty minutes on parking meter. Looked in lunchroom across street. Saw nobody looking like taxi driver who keeps roach powder and sun tan oil in cab. Got back in car.

3:00: Glimpsed driver getting in cab. Started engine. Cab made U turn and headed south on Wabash. Made own U turn and followed. Cab turned east on Balbo and stopped beyond hotel entrance. Dawdled along in order to watch. Hamilton got out of cab wearing checked jacket of modified Ike styling, horn-rimmed glasses; went into doorway and emerged with two men in overcoats. Kept driving to avoid suspicion, turned south into Michigan and went around block. Cab gone when got back to Balbo entrance. Had hunch it had gone to Merchandise Mart, site of NBC studios.

3:15: Arrived at Mart and circled it once without finding cab. Second time around saw it parked just west of Plaza entrance. Looked at cab. Saw Hamilton looking in door as if expecting somebody. Eyes met. Feared he was suspicious. Looked away, went into building and rode up to studios on 19th floor. Saw girl acquaintance in corridor, asked her who was going to be on *This Is Your Life*. She said, "We don't know, honest. It's going to be somebody in politics; Kup said so."

3:30: Went back down to entrance. Cab gone. Decided to drop by home and office, catch him again later at hotel.

4:30: Went by Mart. Circled twice. No 5000.

4:45: Arrived at hotel. No 5000. Began circling block.

5:00: Parked on Wabash behind hotel. Squinted thru twilight at numbers of passing Checker cabs.

5:25: Drove by Studebaker theater, site of broadcast. Camera on sidewalk but cab not in sight. Decided TV people were eating. Had hunch they were at Pump Room.

5:45: Arrived at Ambassador East hotel. Circled nearby blocks. No 5000.

6:15: Went back to Merchandise Mart. Circled. No 5000.

6:45: Went back to theater. Crew jogging around sidewalk camera. No 5000.

6:50: Established circling route thru theater-Hilton hotel area on Van Buren, Congress, Harrison, Balbo, 8th, Michigan and Wabash. Pursued it fruitlessly.

7:45: Parked on Van Buren and went into theater building. Small crowd waiting in lobby for end of rehearsal. Five shivering park district policemen getting whispered instructions from sergeant. Heard that *American* had broken victim's name on front page of late editions. Felt sorry for managing editor's daughter, who works for NBC. Heard Hamilton had been taken to Skokie so he wouldn't see story in paper. "In Skokie, hardly anybody reads the *American*." On way out heard lady say, "Oh I can't wait to find out who it is!" Decided to assuage her anxiety. Told her *American* had broken story and it was cab driver. She said, "Oh, isn't that mean?"

8:30: Went back to Hilton and started circling. On first trip saw cab parked outside Michigan entrance. Parked on

photographs by Don Bronstein

Left: Hamilton stiffens up with emotion as Edwards shows him the book that reveals his life is to be portrayed. Below: In theater, still stunned, he looks around, trying to get oriented.

8th street and walked back to cab. Cop leaning on it talking to NBC functionary in back seat who was reading *Esquire*. Hamilton not in cab. Went into vestibule and met photographer. Learned Hamilton up in room with Ralph Edwards, master biographer. Cop said no pictures, no tip-offs. Doubted legal sanction for his statements, but decided not to bring it up.

8:55: Edwards and Hamilton came out and got in cab, heading south on Michigan. Ran down Michigan with photographer. Saw cab turn west on 8th. Got in car and pursued cab. Ran red light at 8th and Wabash to catch up. Pulled alongside on Wabash between Harrison and Congress. Saw Hamilton give cigar to Edwards. Cut east on Congress and parked across Michigan from theater. Cab continued north on Wabash, came around and waited on Michigan at Van Buren.

9:01: Assistant director signaled with flashlight and cab began rolling slowly south toward front of theater. CTA bus cut in front of it and pulled up to curb. Cab cut around bus and up on sidewalk. Edwards and Hamilton got out.

9:03: Edwards had Hamilton read name of guest. Hamilton turned toward cab and cried.

9:05: Edwards and Hamilton walked into lobby. Hamilton murmured, "What a surprise."

Above: His wife, Grace, is calm and smiling as the show proceeds, but Hamilton's still overwhelmed. Right: With neighbor children whom he nightly pays a dime each for escort to drugstore as "bodyguards." Below: Wife weeps happily at the news that they'll get a car (from Cole-Finder, local agency which has donated 45 on this show in two years.) At end of show, Eddie was surrounded by a jubilant assembly of relatives and out-of-town friends.

this is Chicago a new magazine

In a world where there are already too many publications it is fair to ask: Why another? And if another, why CHICAGO?

The answer to this question, the Editors think, depends on what you believe about Chicago, the city. They have thought of it as a capital city whose five million residents are the nucleus of a midwest population of 40 million. A city which, with all its faults and blemishes, is a prodigy among the world's cities – an awkward prodigy, but one whose lunges into the future may be just as spectacular as its last hundred years from swampland to metropolis.

They have, however, also thought of it in another sense. They have thought of it as two cities. One of them, crude, crashing and boisterous, is famous and notorious: the city of the railroads, the packing plants, the steel mills, the gangsters and the boodlers. The other, which in the long run may prove more real, is often overlooked: the city which has been a principal seedbed of the most important and revolutionary aspects of American life.

This is the city that swindled the Pottawattomies,

jacked itself seven feet above the swamp one summer, and gathered the railroads in its fist. It is the city which, when it first acquired one million residents – 50 years after its incorporation – counted four-fifths of them as immigrants or the children of immigrants. It assembled its builders from the dispossessed, handed them the blueprints of Jeffersonian democracy and the industrial revolution, then left them on their own. We've been on our own ever since, and in the course of some decades have transformed modern society with the reaper, the skyscraper, the railroads and the steel mills, and have relentlessly debauched the idea of self-government with our slums, our gangsters and our politicians.

Good or bad, Chicago is always starting something new: movies, radio, city planning, television; watching them pack up and move off, and then starting something new again. It's perpetually looking like a has-been, and then triggering a revolution, as in Hull House, progressive education, or the release of atomic energy. It's a seedbed from which the shoots have often been transplanted to flourish elsewhere, but new ones keep coming up out of the same stony soil. For the last 20 years, its own citizens have been talking about the fact that it is finished, falling apart; in the last ten, it has added to its metropolitan area a population equivalent to Pittsburgh's and become the world's fourth largest city and second richest market area.

Subtract what Chicago has given to it, and you wouldn't recognize America. Once, this city dreamed of becoming the biggest and wealthiest metropolis of all, then lost faith in that destiny. Insofar as it gave up the idea of getting bigger and bigger for the sake of getting bigger and bigger, the loss can be borne. It remains one of the three cities, along with Boston and New York, which have made a fundamental difference in the development of the nation – in industry, technology, architecture and social reform, in a dozen fields of science, and several arts. And always, it remains, as foreign visitors instantly recognize, *the* American city: the place where everything most distinctive and colorful in American life, for good or bad, is alive and fighting. It is significant that the same city fathered – and in the same period – the service clubs and the major American radical movements.

The magazine will see its city also as one whose personal drama is being played out against a backdrop of world events; whose outstanding men and women, beginning with Cyrus McCormick, Louis Sullivan and Jane Addams, have been vivid examples of what the West has to offer: a challenge to create abundance, decent conditions of life and neighborliness in the world.

Such a challenge turns back, of course, on the people who offer it: the next decades would be a good time for Chicago to return to some of the ideas it has spawned, then neglected in the violence of its growth, and begin to realize them here.

No magazine has yet used the full resources of contemporary journalism – spot reporting, feature articles, fiction, the camera, the artist's pen and brush – to bring into focus one great city. Not an isolated section of it, not this class or that group, but all its people, in their night-and-daily doings: the industrialists, the technicians, the builders, the scientists, the entertainers, the artists and writers; also the freaks, the eccentrics, the thugs, the prowlers in the lower depths, the million forms of Everyman and his wife. CHICAGO will look at all of them and will find its editorial bias, and its excitement, in doing so.

For us, as Editors, the key concept is Energy: a hopeful energy, localized in the story of what Chicago is and may become.

The focus is on People: who they are, what they do, how they look to the city's liveliest writers, artists and cameramen.

The primary purpose is Entertainment: but entertainment for those who want it with salt as well as sugar, who are prepared to welcome a magazine that, along with a springy step and a sense of humor, has muscles, nerves and brains.

It can be an exciting magazine, an entertaining one, and a useful one. Given time, it may even, as its Editors believe, become a great magazine.

Reprinted from the first issue (March, 1954) of CHICAGO.

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Query Weary?

an interrogation by Frederic Laros

Not so long ago – according to my files – all the distinguished contributors who pepper our periodicals with timely and provocative articles began asking instead of stating. A title no longer a title in the old sense. It's a question put by the author to the reader, who is thereby led to suppose that the text he is about to topple with (he will lose) contains the answer. Do I make myself clear? If so, I may have to muddy things up a bit.

The trend is not easily ignored. A hasty survey of the most complete magazine emporium in the city ("Just browsing, thanks") yielded upwards of 60 question-titles ranging in subject-matter from *Are Flying Saucers Real?* to *Does Nail Biting Cause Cancer?* One'd think that some sort of quiz-psychosis was abroad in the land. Or, to phrase it in the current mode, *Are We Quiz-Happy?*

As I have it figured, the aim of this type of article (not *this* article; the question-titled article in general) is to catch the reader's attention by printing the very question he was about to ask himself anyway, then to discuss it exhaustively without reaching any conclusion whatsoever. This is a pleasant sort of exercise for all concerned. It permits the author, who may be a celebrated authority on something-or-other, to drop the authoritative pose and appear before his audience as a fellow seeker after truth. For, while consenting to serve as a sieve for whatever ideas happen to be in the air, he will avoid claiming any ideas of his own. (He may claim the italics, if any, by declaring, *"Italics mine."*)

There is fun for the reader as well – unless he expects answers, which would be silly of him. And for those of us who may have literary ambitions without being celebrated authorities on much of anything, there is opportunity unlimited, as I will presently reveal – if I'm not careful.

Editors, more than willing to further the game, often run the question-of-the-month diagonally across the cover in bold red letters. And since a cute model's picture would be wasted here, it is common for a blown-up photograph of the author to appear instead – preferably a shot which reveals him as being thoughtfully aware of the contemporary scene and a bit haggard from mulling over his own question: *Are Prices Here to Stay?* (a little nosegay of statistics); *How Old Can You Get?* (glands, hormones, life-expectancy); *Who Is Sylvia?* (sheer fantasy); *What Lies Ahead?* (several).

Questions galore! Planted questions that come up again in the fall and produce more questions. Questions that lead you into deeper dilemmas than you might ever have discovered unaided; dilemmas in 3-D.

This new approach – a sort of fiction-in-reverse – seems to go hand in hand with the radio-TV quiz (and a charming couple they make, too), except that there are no prizes for your correct answers, no deep-freeze or year's supply of aspirin or cruise to Jamaica with two weeks at the Tower Isle hotel. But there is the satisfaction of having followed the author in his labyrinthine course and having thought brilliantly – by your own lights, that is, for you won't find the answers on page 13 upside-down.

At this point the question has probably occurred to you – if you have an inquiring turn of mind – "Why can't I write the question-type article?" Well, if you'll pardon so direct an answer, you can. This new literary form is made to order for us amateurs heretofore handicapped by lack of information. I have found that success in the game has little to do with the extent or authority of one's factual knowledge of a given subject. (And I sometimes think that no subject is *given*, really; it is made.) I'm not at all certain that you need a subject, in the strict sense. If you feel that you must have one, you might just let the reader guess what it is.

One thing you will need, besides a few hundred words which any good dictionary can supply, is a typewriter with a "?" in working order. I understand that the more alert manufacturers are now supplying a spare "?" with every new machine.

Another prerequisite – one which can be cultivated to good effect – is a flair for coining catchy titles like the following: *Is the Dodo Really Dead?* (interview your friends on this question); *Are You Psychic?* ("I once knew a man who could read his dog's mind . . ."); *Is Government?* ("I once knew a government . . ."). Choose the most arresting topic you can think of, one that will challenge the most torpid reader to an immediate Yes, No or Possibly. Take some burning issue of the day *(Is the H-Bomb Explosive?)*, or, if all the burning issues seem to have been staked out by others, work up a brand new issue and set fire to it. *Are Burlesque Queens Too Old?* is one that recently came to my willing attention.

The possibilities for question-titles

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are practically limitless, as the m casual visit to your newsdealer w reveal. Perhaps the more casual yo visit, the better. Some beginners ma the mistake of taking the magazin home and reading the articles thru f their contents, with the unhappy res that all sorts of questions start preyi on their minds, just as the authors tended. This is all right for the reader, but not for the would-be pr fessional in the field. It is sufficient your purposes to skim over the artic and get the hang of it—the *mod operandi.*

Remember that from now on yo mission in life is to create and conv as many questions as possible. Ke them popping and never take No (Yes) for an answer.

IT IS ALWAYS well to keep in mi the type of audience you are writi for and to choose your questions a cordingly. Suppose you are worki up a piece on a particular movie st for one of the screen magazines—a vi nette of Gloria Mayberry, say. At t outset, you will address yourself the vital question (enclosing a stamp return envelope): *Is Gloria Mayber Losing Her Looks?* There may be concrete evidence that she is losi them at a rate in excess of the norm ravages of time and klieg lights. S may still appear on the screen as matron in full bloom, exactly as she h for the past 20 years. The only cl you have to go on, perhaps, is a hi recently dropped, with elaborate o handedness, by a Hollywood colum ist, to the effect that Gloria's stud has taken to photographing her thru veil of burlap. That will suffice.

As a loyal fan of the star in que tion—for the space of the article, least—you resent, on behalf of all h other loyal fans, the unchivalrous i sinuation. (Idea for a subsequent a ticle: *Is Chivalry Dead?*) You wou like to take this opportunity to qua that ugly rumor—first giving it ju a quick airing—but still leave th big question wide open, or slight ajar, so that you can ask it again the same magazine six issues later. Th best approach, therefore, is to sta talking informally about your scre idol, at the same time tossing off v rious minor questions: What are h views on the modern girl? Does sh think that today's teen-agers are grow ing up? (You can have Gloria give h own answers, possibly to other que tions than the ones you have asked Are American bachelors eligible? Do her tastefully appointed home have a indoor swimming pool? A mortgag Does she plan to adopt any mo children? Any more husbands? C what is her reputation as one of Holl

wood's most gracious hostesses based? ("I like to serve paper-thin slices of hardtack with the grape juice.") When the article appears in print, it will establish you as something of an authority on the *real* Gloria Mayberry, and you may be asked to do a sequel. You may even be asked to appear in court as a result of a lawsuit brought by the star's attorney. ("Gloria rips up her old lawsuits and knits them into mittens for war orphans.")

OF COURSE, there are other magazine audiences besides that which enjoys reading about life in the film colony. There *must* be. For example, there are the publications which appeal to the thoughtful reader – the ones with the author's picture on the cover, asking: *Is Dr. Kinsey Necessary? Are Dreams Transferable? Do We Worry Enough?* Here the requisite scholarly tone can be achieved merely by quoting a few odds and ends picked up from your random reading of other question-articles along similar lines: "It was Quincy Rung, the noted psychotherapist, who first asked the question . . ." Take it from there.

In writing for one of the magazines that people pick up at the supermarket with their groceries, you should ask the sort of questions that grocery consumers would normally ask themselves: *Should I Forbid My Child Narcotics? Are Husbands People?* – or, to strive for an inspirational tone – *Should I Divorce?* (for the June issue).

Probably the place where you can employ your question-titles to the most telling effect (by asking, naturally) is in the more lurid publications – those that specialize in sin, sex and sadism, like *Scandal, Underworld, Shady* and *Peep*. Here you can fairly bludgeon the reader with innuendo, implying a vast secret knowledge of disreputable doings, thereby gaining renown as a sort of Duncan Hines of the Tenderloin: *Bent Fork, Wyoming–Vice Town? Who Calls the Call Girls?*

There are countless other areas to explore in your search for socko questions. Take the "self-help" magazines, where there is always a crying need for guidance along these lines: *Do You Need Psychoanalysis? Are You Really Trying? Aren't You Ashamed of Yourself?*

Enough! You're anxious to get started in this lucrative career. But before you sit down at the console of the mighty Underwood, have you any questions? If not, we've been wasting our time.

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You Don't Have To Irritate An Oyster

in order to produce a pearl. Nearly everyone thinks that natural pearls are produced only by oysters, somewhere in the South Seas. This is a romantic notion, and lots of pearls do come from South Sea oysters. But any bivalve can produce a pearl. The clam does so, for example, and so does the mussel. In fact, pearls are sometimes found inside other coldblooded sea creatures, like the conch and the abalone.

There *are* a few statements about natural pearls that anyone can put his trust in. In the first place, pearls, like many other good things of life, are a product of irritation. Whether the pearl's host is an oyster, a clam or an abalone, you can be sure that sometime in its life, the sea-creature swallowed a grain of sand, or some other foreign substance – or that a tiny creature called a sea-borer ate its way thru his shell, and lodged inside him. Then, unable to expel the intruder, the bivalve began to deposit around it the same secretion – carbonate of lime and nacre – with which its own shell is coated. The beauty of the pearl comes from successive layers of this secretion which, though they seem perfectly smooth, actually have rough edges that catch the light – when the bivalve is pried open and the pearl brought up to sunlight. The particularly subtle sheen of the pearl is what is called its "orient."

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Everything Swiss but the Food

by Richard Dunlop

On North avenue in Austin, within yodeling distance of Oak Park, is the William Tell, a Swiss restaurant owned by Karl Hoebling, a Viennese with the quiet charm of a shy man, and his vivacious Wisconsin-bred wife, Louise.

The sauerbraten at the William Tell is completely Swiss. A light dry wine and a sweet-sour cream go into the gravy. Other than that, plus a wine and several liqueurs, a diner need not expect to meet with anything Swiss on the menu; but even so, the restaurant merits attention.

Take fowl. Louie, the continental chef, does remarkable things with midwestern chickens. They emerge on the table as chicken Eugene. They are pan fried in rich batter and served up as wiener backhuhn. Cooked with fine herbs in an earthenware sauce pan, they are chicken cocotte.

Wiener schnitzel vies with Hungarian paprika schnitzel, and a filet mignon remains a superb U.S. prime steak tho it is called filet mignon a la St. Moritz. There also are lobsters, shrimp and brook trout and the heart of the tenderloin, the chateaubriand. Only a purist would worry over the paucity of Swiss dishes on the menu.

At least the decor is as Swiss as the legendary figure who, crossbow in hand, enlivens the menus of the restaurant's Swiss Broileque lounge. West siders and residents of the western suburbs are used to the Swiss chalet which breaks the monotony of an Austin business block. They are

drawing by Gertrude Abercrombie

used to lining up even on week nights for a William Tell meal. While they wait, a girl in a Swiss skirt brings each a complimentary glass of wine with cheese and crackers.

The waiting guest looks over the Alpine plates hanging on the ash paneled walls and studies the intricate detail of the shields of the Swiss cantons, all of them painstakingly carved by the host. Hoebling's hand also fashioned a bar at which upended bottles of wine are displayed.

In the rear dining room there is a huge fireplace from which, on dank spring evenings or wintry nights, a snapping fire casts a ruddy glow upon an immense oval chandelier which Hoebling also made. The carving finished, he tried his hand at painting murals for the restaurant. Before Hoebling undertook to decorate his own restaurant he had scarcely done more than whittle or scribble.

When it came to the chairs, the restaurateur had to call in outside help. He had them hand carved and doweled in a German community in Indiana. They are backed with needlepoint crests of European nations.

Looking at the display of rustic Alpine beauty about him, a guest might suppose that Hoebling is a graduate of a Tyrolean school of handicrafts. Once he has tasted his dinner, he knows instead that Hoebling is a product of the great restaurants of Vienna. From his apprenticeship in that city of good food and good music he went to the Cafe de la Paix in Paris and then on to Miami. In 1939 he sold out and came north to open the Sherwood Forest in Oak Park, which was dedicated to hearty eating and the memory of Robin Hood. Louise and a girl friend came from Wisconsin to work in the popular Oak Park restaurant. Seven years later the shy Viennese married the beautiful young waitress who showed warm devotion to his exacting professional standards.

The Hoeblings sold the Sherwood Forest and migrated to the west coast with the intention of establishing a new quality restaurant. Perversely, they became homesick for Chicago, and restaurant row in Los Angeles was spared an addition. Back home again, Hoebling fell to work making sketches for his new venture. He bought lumber and other materials and while the builders thumped and banged, he set to work carving.

"I was so happy to be back home that I couldn't keep from making something beautiful," he said. "The wood felt good beneath my knife. To

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top the thing off I wanted to create something significantly American. I decided to carve the American eagle, but I had no eagle to model for me. The eagle is protected against hunters, you know. I took a quarter from my pocket, and I counterfeited the eagle on the back of it in wood. Only my eagle is more like a crow."

When the William Tell opened in 1951, Hoebling's old Oak Park friends packed it night after night. People from the West Side and beyond could not help but join the crowd, and now guests come from Flossmoor on the south and Lake Bluff on the north to enjoy his hospitality. They go home talking about such things as the William Tell's fresh fruit compote. The changing seasons bring plums, apricots, cherries, peaches, pears, apples and cranberries to the restaurant.

ONE NIGHT at the William Tell Fritz Stiens was playing the theme from *The Third Man* on a zither. His large hands plucked a sad beauty out of the instrument of the Alps. Hoebling leaned across the table.

"We're closing down all of March. Louise and I are going to Europe to find new inspiration, new recipes. We want to add a new pastry line. Only the Swiss, the Austrians and the Danes understand how to work marvelously with sweet butter, so you know we'll visit their countries. And we will go to Paris. I want to go back to the Cafe de la Paix and see how it has changed. That's where I discovered that you can learn something wonderful about running a restaurant from anybody working in it — even the dishwashers. I hope that I never forget that."

Perhaps they may even bring something back from Switzerland to put on the William Tell's menus. At least whatever they present to their guests after April 1 will still be exactingly cooked and served.

W. P. Eaton

Past Performance as Criterion ... Goldberg and Gieseking

by John Mottier

Contemplating a particularly bad performance of Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw once suggested a solution to the old controversy about the authorship of the Bard's plays: simply determine whether Shakespeare or Bacon was spinning in his grave.

Shaw was not entirely facetious. The artist or composer himself is surely the best potential judge of a performance of his own work. Indeed, if there were some means of communication with the realm of the dead, the music critic's profession would be the first to fall into obscurity. Instead he might turn to that of the medium and hold regular seances after each performance at Orchestra hall. Sometimes the impression arises that the music critic does just that anyway. Or, having sensibly ruled out the possibility of communing with the dead composer, he jumps headlong to the other and equally absurd extreme of introspective criticism. The result, from anyone less than a "universal man," is criticism of his own reaction to the performance rather than of the performance itself. So we read about personal idiosyncrasies instead of music.

Verbalization of musical qualities is a dangerous task at best, but there are alternatives. There is the fine, involved, intricate analysis of musical forms and extensive description of the mechanics whereby Haydn or Mozart filled them, often with some historical background injected here and there. From this a critic evolves standards to which performers must adhere. This is very neat, but very dry. It doesn't say much about why people still listen to performances of the works of Haydn and Mozart.

Personal tastes and reactions to music inevitably pop up here, and there is nothing to be done about it. But when 500 people turn out to hear Beethoven quartets at Kimball hall, or 3,500 pay to listen to a Mozart work at the Opera House, "personal" takes on a very broad and significant meaning. When such a sell-out occurs, it says something about the performance as well as the music. Admittedly, what it does not say is that 3,500 personal reactions are of a kind. But it does imply that the performers have discovered and conveyed to the audience qualities originally conceived by the composer, qualities valid in more than a personal sense.

Here music and the composer have a great advantage over a mere critic and the verbiage available to him. To write a review valid for even 3,500 people, he would have to find terminology appropriate to the one level where the community of personal experience unites. Music finds it often; criticism, not often enough.

Does this really leave criticism in a blind alley? Not quite. Starting with the fact of the performer conveying to the audience the musical perceptions of a composer, it is possible to reach a relative evaluation of performance. Just as one can quite reasonably speak of great and inferior Beethoven compositions, so one can speak of great or inferior performances by a Heifetz or a Szigeti.

The whole point is that both a great composer and a performing artist strive toward systems of values by which they should expect to be judged. It is rare indeed that an artist can make a reputation only with the aid of a big technique, a good press agent and a handful of doting critics; no composer has even tried it. If, then, we assume the minimal critical prerogative of judging a mature performer in terms of the values he himself has established for the listener over a period of time, we have a basis for evaluating his performance.

CONSIDER Szymon Goldberg within this framework. Few violinists mature earlier than he; at 20 he was appointed concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic by Wilhelm Furtwangler, and while still in his twenties made an impression on American ears via recordings of Mozart and Beethoven violin sonatas. The interpretative qualities he injected into these performances were notable: a pure, simple tone, vibrant without a wide vibrato, full without being lush; and his phrasing was subtly yet clearly outlined, avoiding over-dramatization and at the same time preserving the vital tension inherent in the music. These qualities were directed toward a unified musical expression. It is not a usual violinist's approach, but one which set forth musical ideals, valuable to many, from which great things were expected.

Expectations were not always rewarded in Goldberg's later record releases. Still less were they fulfilled by his first appearance here several years after the war at Anshe Emet synagog. Goldberg seemed to have compromised his system of values;

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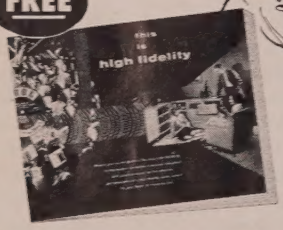

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either that or he underestimated the receptivity of local audiences. The same sort of interpretive qualification was noticeable later in performances at Orchestra hall and Grant park. He was at odds with himself.

Late last year Goldberg made another appearance at Orchestra hall. This time all fears were dispelled and all hopes realized, for he reaffirmed his earlier approach to music. There was no more wide vibrato in his tone, no longer an emphasis upon mere sound or technique at the occasional expense of the music. Even in such a technically incredible work as the chaconne of the Bach D minor partita, control of his instrument always subserved an integral conception of the music. He had given the public every right to expect this from him. Happily, the expectation is now confirmed.

NO SUCH confirmation emerges when Walter Gieseking is scrutinized from this viewpoint. By anyone's standards, especially his own, he has been a very great pianist. There is, however, a puzzling dichotomy between his pre- and post-war recordings. His new release on eleven Angel disks of the complete Mozart works for solo piano points this up sharply. They are done very well, and any effort of this scope which maintains so consistently high a level of performance deserves not disparagement but admiration and thanks.

There is a hitch, tho. Compare the old recordings on 78's of the C minor and K.570 B-flat sonatas. The sharply and subtly cut facets of each individual phrase are lacking in the new recordings. On the other hand, there is a more placid continuity from phrase to phrase in the new edition. The old crisp tone has yielded to one smoother, but less well-defined.

Either Gieseking can no longer fully articulate his former ideals, or he has shifted the direction of his values. The former is difficult to believe. Before the war Gieseking almost always achieved the ultimate potential of his approach to music. No one could touch him in his own terms. Now, having eschewed his former standards, he has placed himself well within challenging distance of other pianists. It might be well to see what comes of the Haydn society's project for recording the Mozart piano works with Lili Kraus before investing $75 in the Gieseking efforts.

Gieseking is an artist who has, perhaps uniquely, provided two mutually exclusive value schemes thru which to evaluate his performances. When he appears with the Chicago Symphony orchestra this month, you can pay your money and take your choice.

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The Onion Patch

by Alan Whitney

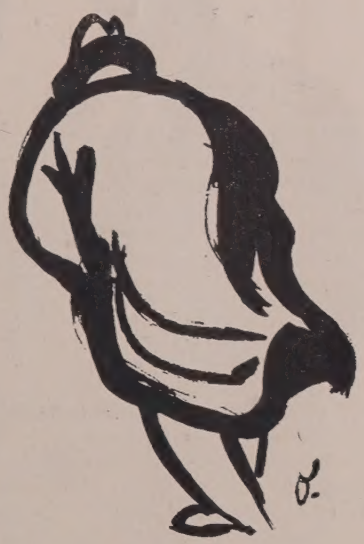
The past month has been a time for carrying bad ideas too far and good ones not far enough. The latter transgression has been committed by a number of groups which serve as self-annointed guardians of other people's partriotism and by a member of the state legislature. The Chicago *Tribune* has been guilty of the former fault.

The 25-hour-a-day protectors of the republic pressured the rulers of football into making a vital reform. Officials on the field use a variety of hand signals to indicate the nature of the infraction when a penalty is called. A military salute has long been the approved means of announcing that a personal foul has taken place. But the salute was dropped when the pushy groups insisted that it was incongruous to have such a mark of respect identify a naughty act. They're right, of course, but they overlooked the corollary need for bans on taking off your hat in a saloon and blowing your nose while standing up.

Insufficient follow-thru was also displayed by State Representative Carl Preihs. Tho he comes from far downstate, this broadminded lawmaker introduced a bill for removal of the capital to Aurora. He said the central location, population-wise, of that city would save enough in travel expenses in a hundred years to pay for a new capitol building. But there's another town, a little east of Aurora, where about a third of the General Assembly lives. Move the capital to this place and the new state house can be paid off in 66 years and eight months.

While these folks were taking the right track but stopping too soon, giant strides in the opposite direction were being made about halfway between the highest flying buttresses and the best known bomb shelter in the world. The *Tribune's* editorial promotion department has begun planning the 1955 renewal of the Chicagoland Music Travesty. And what is director Phil Maxwell's chief project? A mass symphony orchestra of 5,000 pieces under the baton of Fred Waring? The first performance of a series of ghost stories set to music by Arch Ward and David Condon of the sports department? Community glockenspiel playing by the audience? No, unfortunately it's none of these things. Maxwell is trying to get Maria Callas to exercise her talents in the midst of 100,000 music haters and the worst acoustics in the world. If he succeeds, may newspapers be outlawed in Naperville.

THE WAYS OF THE PAPERS are strange along many lines, as any public figure with a long last name will confirm. Pursuant to the headline requirements of the journals, the secretary-



general of the United Nations has emerged as "Dag," causing readers to wonder what the hell Blondie's husband is doing in Red China.

Never a self-effacing institution, the daily press has lately been devoting more and more space to the most strident affirmation of its own beneficence. At the slightest provocation, and especially during newspaper week (which, tho apparently annual, seems to come about six times a year), the public prints expend vats of ink in detailing the glories of being a newsboy. This occupation, pursued in one's youth, is like a lifetime pass to the board rooms of General Motors, according to their story. Reading between the lines, it is easy to discern who must have delivered the five-star final edition of the Nazareth *Bugle*.

Knowing that the papers occasionally, thru inadvertence, tell only one side of the story, we assigned Gordon Shelly, who is an erstwhile newsman and an inmate of the state prison at Jackson, Michigan, to investigate the obverse.

Shelly reports that he interviewed 50 of his fellow sojourners and that of that total 34 had regular paper routes as kids; nine sold papers on street corners; the other seven dabbled in the trade at one time or another, but never really worked steadily at it.

But this was only the beginning of Shelly's study. He also learned that of the 34 convicts who had paper routes, 19 were serving time for burglary and twelve of these admitted that they would use their jobs to gain information needed in breaking and entering. For example, people would tell the newsboy not to bring the paper for two weeks, so he'd know they were planning to be out of town. "A nice healthy situation," commented Shelly, "and it will probably scare your readers into a state where they'll fish-eye all newsboys from now on."

Of the other 15 convicts who had paper routes, six are in prison for armed robbery, three for forgery, four for sex crimes and two for murder. Of the nine who sold papers on corners, five used their craft as an aid to crime. Three would shoplift and drop the loot into their bags. The other two were pickpockets who figured nobody would suspect a lad with a paper bag of such a sideline. The crimes for which the street corner newsboys were imprisoned broke down this way: Four for shoplifting, three for car theft, one for a sex crime and one for murder.

Of the entire 43 newsboys, Shelly learned, 19 were first offenders, and the other 24 had been in prison at least once before their current terms.

A CITY WHOSE JOURNALISM is as imperfect as Chicago's can ill afford the loss of a Robert P. Vanderpoel. The late *Sun-Times* financial columnist may well have been the most capable local newspaperman of his time. The typical financial writer here and elsewhere is a kind of servant of his beat who approaches his subjects with much the same mixture of naivete and awe that Bert Wilson displays toward the Cubs. Vanderpoel, on the other hand, was a keen, unbiased student

Fanny's Column

by Fanny Lazzar

TRAVELERS . . . HAVE REPORTED . . . that natives along the Orinoco River in South America . . . make a special kind of mudball soup . . . and think . . . it is a tasty tidbit indeed . . . and I've often thought . . . that some people who eat everything that is set before them without any thought . . . whatsoever . . . might even eat such a soup . . . without comment.

That is why . . . I truly appreciate all the gourmets . . . who are flocking to me . . . more and more daily and I don't think it is a form of snobbishness to say . . . that I prefer "gourmets" . . . it is only that they and I have "kindred souls."

Life is getting more exciting . . . for me . . . every day . . . for do not the most interesting people . . . come here . . . to eat my fine spaghetti . . . and Southern fried chicken . . . the crisp salads . . . topped with my orange juice and pecan dressing . . . and the WONDERFUL Continental coffee . . . Prominent people in all walks of life . . . executives . . . musicians . . . artists . . . writers . . . who tell me almost in unison . . . "Fanny . . . we have not tasted . . . food such as yours . . . in years."

If I could not back up . . . with factual proof . . . that I do serve . . . food . . . "fit for the gods" . . . I would not make such boasts.

Years ago . . . I studied psychology with a professor . . . an agnostic . . . who used to state . . . most emphatically . . . that he did not believe in what he could not see . . . and once . . . when I dined with him . . . he pushed the food aside . . . and said . . . disdainfully . . . "and sometimes you can't even believe . . . in what you see." . . . I wish . . . how I wish . . . that he would come in . . . sometime . . . soon . . . I feel certain . . . he would believe in what he saw and tasted here.

A famous singer . . . dined with me . . . one night this week . . . She was as enchanted with my spaghetti . . . as I was with her . . . She studied in Rome and Firenze . . . she could speak Italian . . . beautifully . . . so we had a most delightful time . . . with reminiscences. This woman . . . had lovely eyes . . . a firm mouth . . . thoughtful and tender . . . and yet . . . beneath her womanly charms . . . she had a truly masculine will of iron . . . and I was reminded of the gift of Ulysses to the young Achilles . . . a sword hidden within the garments of a woman . . . and when she SANG for me . . . ah . . . I was transported with a great joy . . .

Fanny's

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of business and economics. He can be succeeded, but not replaced.

LET IT NOT BE SUPPOSED that nothing unqualifiedly good is going on around here. For one thing, it turns out that we're rich. The University of Chicago has just issued a report called *Demographic and Socio-Economic Characteristics of the Population of the City of Chicago and of the Suburbs and Urban Fringe: 1950.*

It might be expected that a volume with that kind of name would contain a lot of meat, and this one does. In one place it compares the personal income of citizens of the nation's three largest cities. The median figure for white males in Chicago is $3,292 per year, compared to $3,009 for New York and $2,981 for Los Angeles. For the suburban areas of the three cities, the statistics are: Chicago, $3,621; New York, $3,368; West Cedar Rapids, $3,204. The figures for nonwhite males show the same rank, but with smaller differences among the cities.

The story is different with the ladies, tho. For one thing, those in New York have the highest median income, with Chicago second and L.A. third. Also, among the girls the city figures are higher than those for the suburbs in all three places.

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